Newport Mercury.

HOPE

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-first year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

Thirty-Fifth Anniversary.

Dr. and Mrs. John H. Sweet, Sr., celebrated the thirty-fifth anniversary of their marriage at their home on Spring street Thursday. In the afternoon the members of four whist clubs to which Mrs. Sweet belongs were invited to her home for a social afternoon. In receiving the guests Mrs. Sweet was assisted by her two grandchildren, Master William Sweet and Miss Winona Sweet, the latter being prettily gowned in pink. Shortly before 3 o'clock the guests seated themselves at tables for progressive whist and play was in order for about two hours and at the finish the first prize for the highest score, a cut glass dish, was awarded to Mrs. George H. Chase; the second, a bust figure, to Mrs. James R. Crowley; the third, a leather card case, to Mrs. Harry O. Cooke, while the "consolation," a work bag, was captured by Mrs. W. Frank Kenyon. Wedding cake in boxes, frosted on the top with 1873-1908, was passed around to each one present by the two grandchildren. Ice cream and fancy cake were served on small tables and during the playing of whist fruit punch was served in the dining room. In the parlor were pretty vases filled with cut flowers, which had been sent to the couple in honor of the occasion.

The host and hostess were the recipients of many pretty gifts and received the hearty congratulations of their many friends throughout the day. Dr. and Mrs. Sweet were surrounded by their entire family, entertaining them at dinner in the evening and later taking them to Freebody Park to witness the opera playing there.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Sweet are enjoying excellent health and were about as young appearing as 35 years ago. It is hoped that all who helped celebrate this joyous occasion may be privileged to share with them in like manner the festivities of their golden wedding.

Malbone Lodge, N. E. O. P.

Malbone Lodge, No. 93, N. E. O. P., will hold a special meeting on Monday evening, June 29, in MERCURY Hall, for the purpose of initiating members into the Order. The initiation will be done by the degree team of Priscilla Lodge, No. 254, of Fall River, Mass., and it is expected that over 60 members of that Lodge will be the guests of Malbone Lodge on that occasion. The Supreme Warden, Frederick T. Peabody, of Boston, will be the guest of Malbone Lodge on that evening and it is expected that Grand Warden Worrall, of Woonsocket, and others of the Supreme and Grand Officers will be present. Now is the time for anyone wishing to join the Order to do so at a reduced cost. Any member of the Order will be happy to give any information to anyone wishing to join. The membership of the Order is now rising 56,000, located wholly in New England. The net gain in membership during the past year has been 7,500.

It is expected that Monday evening will be a banner evening for Malbone Lodge and every member of the Order should be present to welcome the visitors.

On Sunday evening St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., will attend divine service at the First Presbyterian church at the invitation of the pastor, Rev. Dr. Webb, and St. Paul's Lodge will at the same time attend church at the Second Baptist, at the invitation of Rev. Dr. Quick.

The next annual Fair of the Newport County Agricultural society will be held on the society's grounds in Portsmouth on Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25. This will be one of the best ever held by this society. Preparations are now under way.

Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen had a long and busy session on Thursday evening, many matters being brought up for action. The regular weekly payrolls and bills were approved. A number of applications for licenses were granted and others were refused. The extra members of the police force for the summer were appointed by the mayor and confirmed by the board. The contract for installing the ventilator in the council chamber was awarded to J. Irving Shepley for $178. The note issue of $60,000 was awarded to the Second National Bank of Boston at 3.18, there being seven bids received. Bidders for the construction of the new schoolhouse were given one week more to prepare their bids.

The Newport Hospital reported that no suitable place could be obtained for the home for hopeless cases of consumption and that therefore the hospital would be obliged to decline to care for them. The members of the board talked over the advisability of using the emergency hospital for the purpose and will confer with the board of health on the matter.

A long report was received from the commission on the Washington street boulevard, setting forth that they have been able to arrange for more advantageous settlement with owners of property than was at first reported, and showing in detail the probable cost of each section of land to be taken. The city solicitor was instructed to prepare a decree in accordance with the report.

The board voted to accept the offer of Henry C. Anthony in regard to the use of the old Edward-Farewell building. Alderman Shepley was made a committee to see to the painting of the Van Zandt avenue bridge, and Mayor Clarke was made a committee to see to the laying of two new sidewalks on Broadway.

Register Now.

Only eight more days in which to register. If you wish to vote for Taft for President, or for a Republican for member of Congress from this district, or a Republican for Governor or any other office you will have to go to the City Hall and record your name on or before June 30. It costs nothing to do this except the time. There is no tax to pay. Any male over twenty-one years of age ought to take interest enough in the affairs of the country to register and vote on all occasions. This will be a most important year politically. The National, State and Congressional election occurs in November, and the city election in December. You cannot vote at either unless you register sometime during the next eight days.

Prince of Wales Coming.

The summer population of Newport is counting much on the expected coming of the Prince of Wales this summer. He is expected to arrive in Quebec next month. There will be a great naval demonstration there on his arrival, in which some of Uncle Sam's battleships will participate.

After the round of the Canadian festivities, the Prince is expected to come to Newport where the wealth of the United States will be brought into requisition for his entertainment. It is expected that his stay here, which will probably be the latter part of August, will last about a week.

Mr. John M. Taylor, the efficient City Treasurer, was chosen collector of Coronet Council, No. 63, Royal Arcanum, on Nov. 22, 1878, at the time the Council was organized and he has held the position ever since. This is doubtless the longest term any officer has served in any of the multitude of fraternal societies now in existence. Thirty years is a long term of service in any organization.

Mr. Frank E. Thompson will spend a portion of his vacation in camp on Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire, with State Commissioner of Common Schools, Mr. Walter E. Ranger, of Providence.

Mr. Henry L. Smith, chief engineer of the steamer Bristol, dropped dead on his boat last Saturday morning. He was a member of Excelsior Lodge, I. O. O. F., of this city.

Mr. George W. Mason, formerly foreman of the job office of THE MERCURY, but now of Gardner, Mass., was in the city the past week calling on his many friends here.

Wednesday the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad ran an excursion from Boston to Newport, it being Bunker Hill day.

Miss Una Hutton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Hutton, fell from her horse last Saturday and suffered a fracture of her leg.

Mrs. Gilbert Inman of Providence is guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Kenyon at their home on Appleby street.

A Social Gathering.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Smith entertained members of their whist clubs at an evening's entertainment on Tuesday night at their home on Marlboro street. It was shortly after 8 o'clock when the guests seated themselves for whist and play was in order for two hours. At the finish the ladies' prizes for the two highest scores were awarded to Mrs. Etta A. MacDonald and Mrs. John H. Sweet, Sr., while Mr. Elmer E. Gifford and Mr. Arthur G. King won the gentlemen's prizes. The next number on the programme was a game at conundrums, which proved a very enjoyable pastime and evoked much amusement among the jolly gathering. The prizes in this contest were won by Mrs. Etta A. MacDonald and Mr. J. Irving Shepley and Mrs. Gilbert Inman of Providence and Mr. Harry St. Clair. Refreshments followed, after which a couple of hours were spent in a social way. Mr. George W. Smith, the host of the evening, sang a solo in a very touching manner, and was obliged to respond to an encore. Mrs. William H. Sisson entertained the company with humorous selections, adding laurels to those already won by her on previous occasions. Mrs. George W. Smith, the hostess, and Mrs. W. Frank Kenyon appeared in a little sketch, which called forth much amusement. Mrs. Gilbert Inman, of Providence, Mr. William H. Sisson and Mr. George W. Smith sang several trios and they had to favor the company with encores. There was a very pleasing tableau, entitled "In the Twilight," in which Mr. William H. Sisson and Mrs. John W. McMahon took part, the latter looking very attractive, being gowned in white. Piano selections were rendered by Mr. J. Irving Shepley, Mr. Elmer E. Gifford and Mr. William H. Sisson and these added much to the social festivities of the evening. Dr. John H. Sweet, Jr., who was called upon to render one of his favorite vocal selections, was unable to respond on account of an accident which he had encountered the past week, and this number was greatly missed.

It was after midnight when all present joined in singing many of the popular songs of the day. Mr. George W. Smith, Jr., was the accompanist of the evening.

It was at an early hour when the merry gathering departed for their homes, loud in their praise for the hospitable way in which they had been entertained by the host and hostess.

The Cincinnati.

The society of the Cincinnati will hold its annual meeting in the State House, Newport, on Fourth of July as usual. The public exercises will take place at 3 p. m. in the Representative Chamber. The orator of the day at the celebration will be Hon. Charles B. Alexander, LL. D. of New York, a member of the society of the Cincinnati in Pennsylvania, a distinguished member of the New York bar, and a historical writer of repute. There will be other exercises of interest including the singing of the "Sword of Bunker Hill"

The officers of the society for the year 1907-1908 are:

President—Hon. Asa Bird Gardiner, LL. D.

Vice President—Hon. Charles Warren Lippitt, Ph. B.

Secretary—George Washington Olney, LL. B.

Assistant Secretary—Thomas Arnold Peirce.

Treasurer—William DeHon King, A. M.

Assistant Treasurer—Brigadier General Hazard Stevens, A. M.

Chaplain—Rev. Henry Barton Chapin, D. D.

The roads commission had a busy day in Newport Thursday licensing automobiles and drivers. They will be here again next Tuesday, which will probably be the last time. All who do not attend to the matter then will have to go to Providence to register, and all who are not registered are liable to prosecution and fine. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient.

Mr. Michael J. O'Hara, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward O'Hara, died at his parents' residence on Fir street on Tuesday after a long illness, having been a most patient sufferer during his sickness. He was known to a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, with whom he was a favorite. Besides his parents two sisters and a brother survive him.

Mr. William Twigg, a well known machinist in the employ of the Old Colony repair shops, fell from the staging of the Rhode Island in Fall River last Saturday and broke his left leg just below the knee. Dr. Sweet was called to set the broken limb and he was later removed to his home in this city.

Mr. George W. Barlow, who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever, has passed the crisis of his illness and is slowly improving.

Graduating Exercises.

Grammar Schools.

The graduating exercises of the grammar grades were held in the assembly hall of the Rogers High School on Friday afternoon and were very largely attended. The hall was attractively decorated for the occasion with palms, potted plants and cut flowers.

The graduating classes occupied seats in the front row of the main floor, while the audience occupied the remainder of the seats in the rear of the hall and in the gallery above. On the platform were seated Superintendent Herbert W. Lull, Principals Dudley E. Campbell and Elizabeth Hammett of the schools, Superintendent Walter Herbert Small, of Providence, His Honor, Mayor Clarke, Rev. Emery H. Porter, D. D., Christopher F. Barker, M. D., and other members of the School Committee. The music, which was one of the features of the program, was under the direction of Miss Lilian L. Simester, supervisor of music, with Mrs. William W. Covell, pianist.

After the audience had assembled the programme opened by the singing of "Over the Fields of Clover," after which Superintendent Lull extended a greeting to the parents. His remarks were most interesting and instructive and were followed by the closest attention of all present. The school then sang "The Red Scarf," followed by a stirring address by Superintendent Walter Herbert Small, of Providence, who is a fluent and interesting speaker. His words of advice both to the scholars who have finished their school work and to those who are about to enter high school proved of much value. The next number was the singing of "Greeting to Spring," Nos. 1 and 2, after which Rev. Emery H. Porter, D. D., of the school committee, awarded the King medals for amiability to Bessie Holland Brown, of the Coddington School, and Henrietta Lena Hass, of the Calvert School. The Read and Pell medals for scholarship were awarded by Mayor Clarke to Joseph Forrester, Jr., of the Coddington School, and Charles Lawton Sherman, of the Calvert School. The school then sang "Greeting to Spring," Nos. 3 and 4, and at the close of the song Dr. C. F. Barker, chairman of the school committee, awarded the diplomas to the members of the graduating classes. The closing chorus was "Our Public School."

The members of the graduating class, who received diplomas, were as follows, the names being arranged alphabetically:

CODDINGTON

Jennie Mary Amoruso
Eric Oscar John Anderson
Ida Margaret Anderson
Fanny Ethel Aronson
Everett Morton Bailey
Elise Theodora Bayle
Rene Regenald Bayle
Bessie Holland Brown
Raymond Hazelton Bryer
Margaret Helen Burns
Elizabeth Reid Campbell
Emily Elizabeth Carroll
Catherine Agnes Conheeny
Jessie Miller Cowles
Dorinda McKenzie Dawley
Mary Catherine Downes
Catherine Adelaide Dwyer
Anna Brunner Ehrhardt
Raymond William Ehrhardt
Karl Augustus Faerber
Annie Theresa Fitzsimmons
Joseph Forrester, Jr.
Francis Dominic Gallagher
Ethel Mae Gorton
Ruth Findley Haire
Margaret Bertille Halpin
Mary Cecelia Hammond
Anna Maria Hanson
John Patrick Harrington
Sadie Eleanor Howard
Julia Edna Johnson
Lydia Elvira Johnson
Maurice Randolph Johnson
Henrietta Kane
Alice Rebecca King
Emma Koehler
Helen Adelia Lanahan
Evelyn Frances Leary
Ella Macomber
Gertrude Marshall
Frederick Collins Mayer
Mary Estelle Mazzulla
James Spencer Moore
Helen Muenchinger
Alice Regina Murphy
Charles Chace Northup
Ellen Theresa O'Connor
Sadie Loretta O'Hanley
James Hazard O'Hearne
Anna Eileen O'Neill
John Thomas Ottilige
Nellie Paquin
Catarina Radice
Dorothy Vernon Rogers
Lucy Margaret Rowe
Carlo Canio Russo
Charlotte Hall Tozier
Pauline Dorothy Treichel
Cornelius Anthony Schmidt
Bertha Carr Scott
Perry Justin Sherman
Andrew Gustave Simmons
Everett Williston Smith
Theresa Pauline Smith
Elizabeth Spence
Winifred Martha Stinner
Daniel Francis Sullivan
Mary Kathryn Sullivan
George Reginald Swanson
Gladys Lillian Underwood
Leroy Wellman Underwood
Mary Elizabeth Walsh
Charles Thurston Weaver
Jennie Catherine Whitty
Henry Cozzens Wilkinson
Rose Wilsker
Robert Lloyd Woods

CALVERT

Edith Gifford Arnold
Violet Frances Baggot
Clement Cleveland Bain
Edwin Howard Barker
Fannie Mae Barker
John Langley Barlow, Jr.
Ethel Beatrice Boss
Margaret Elizabeth Bigalke
David Wallace Brawley
Elizabeth Anthony Brown
Florence Ardell Brown
Charles Henry Clark
Mary Lillian Delerra
James William Downs, Jr.
John Thomas Dwyer
William Covell Ellis
Earl Bennett Frank
Mary Josephine Fogarty
Beulah Willard Friend
Marion Andrews Hall
Marion Charlotte Hansen
Mabel Catherine Harvey
Henrietta Lena Hass
Mabele Bertha Hedly
Everett Irving Hess
Marjorie Stern Hess
John Montrose Hear
Jessie Marjorie Holm
James Joseph Horgan
Anna Rosalie Hummell
Lillian May Irwin
Joseph Simon Josephson
Ellen Louise Kane
Katharine Amelia Kelley
Katharine Kenuan
Max Kohrn
Reuben Kravetz
Frances Lack
Grace Champlin Langley
Urban Sylvester McAdam
Gertrude Adriana McCastor
Frances Gordon McFadden
Marion Fraser McLean
Emma Josephine McLeod
George Thomas McLeod
Grace Irving McLyman
Howard Sulpher Madden
Laura Augusta Martins
William Tattersall Martland
Irene Dorothy Mason
William Leon Mason
Elsie Louise Minkler
James Edward Minkler, Jr.
Catherine Marguerite Nicol
Ralph Joseph O'Connell
Isabelle Dorothea O'Sullivan
Charles Henry Oxx
William Earle Patrick, Jr.
Benjamin Wing Hendrick Peckham, Jr.
Ethel Anna Peckham
Helen Montague Powell
Belonie Raphael Richard
Lloyd Anthony Robson
Richard Rosson
Helen Gladys Scannevin
Joseph Patrick Shea
Nora Katherine Shea
Charles Lawton Sherman
Samuel Champlin Spencer
Loraine Augusta Sullivan
Mumford Swinburne
Alice May Tebbit
Donald Hyndman Thompson
Sarah Day Titcomb
Esther Pauline Tracy
Mary Flagg Turner
William Earl Twomey
Edwin Lindsay Walker
Eva Gordon Walsh
Stanley Ayrault Ward
Ruth Franklin Weaver
Charles Smith Weed
Helen Lillian Yosseff

Rogers High School.

The assembly hall of the Rogers High School was filled Thursday morning with relatives and friends of the members of the graduating class and of the school, gathering there to attend the closing exercises. The graduating class, of 45 in number, were seated on the platform, as were also Rev. William Safford Jones and Dr. Christopher F. Barker. On the right of the platform was seated the Glee Club, while the remaining space on the floor and in the gallery was given up to the audience. In a conspicuous place above the platform hung the class motto: "Esse quam videri." Mr. Frank E. Thompson, the principal, opened the exercises by making a brief address, followed by a selection, "The Building of the Ship," by the Glee Club. Mr. Bradford Norman Morse then read the essay: "The Charm of Modern Lyric Poetry," and spoke of the works of the early poets and the love of nature as characteristic of the lyric poetry of the last century. His essay was a most interesting one and was listened to with marked attention. After another selection by the Glee Club Mr. Thompson introduced Hon. George Henry Martin, secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, who delivered a stirring address on "The World's Work." He spoke of the great advancement in the world today, not only in the schools but in all occupations in life, comparing the world today with that of years ago. His address was full of interest and the audience showed their appreciation by their close attention to his remarks.

After the singing of "The Hymn to Night" and "The Jolly Blacksmith's Lay" by the quartette, Mr. Wynne Chard Stevens, president of the graduating class, presented to the school, in behalf of the class, the trophy case which has been placed in the main corridor of the building. Mr. Thompson, who accepted the gift for the school, gave the members of the class some good advice regarding their future conduct.

The Norman medals for scholarship were awarded to Francis Rusher Kerr and Louise Betty Nissen, the medal for English composition and a set of Lowell's works to Miss Caroline Christine Lester and a second prize, a set of Longfellow's works in six volumes, to Miss Ethel Cummings Plummer. The Read medal for excellence in mathematics was awarded to Ralph Howard Young. The Norman and Read medals and prizes were presented by Rev. Mr. Jones. Francis Rusher Kerr was awarded the gold medal for excellence in Greek, by the Head Master, Mr. Thompson.

The prizes given by William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, for the best essays on some local historical topic, were awarded by Miss Edith M. Tilley, regent of the chapter. Miss Tilley said that this year, through the kindness of Mrs. Thomas A. Lawton, the chapter had been able to give two prizes. The subject for this year was "The Printer and the Press of Colonial Rhode Island." As these essays were written under assumed names, the winners were unknown until the awards were made. The first prize was awarded to the essay signed "Pierre Loti," written by Clarence James Grinnell, and the second to the one signed "Veritas," written by Miss Sadie St. Clair.

Diplomas were presented by Dr. Barker to members of the graduating class as follows:

Leon Watson Armstrong, Edith Madeline Borden, Mary Ellen Conroy, Elizabeth Croucher, Jane Brennan Doing, Moulton Wright Friend, Anne Heap Gleaves, Clarence James Grinnell, Alfred Chase Hall, Arthur Jennings Harrington, Mary Ethel Harvey, Fred Helgesen, Beatrice Brayton Hess, Margarita Emmons Higbee, Lelia Catherine Deon Jackson, Nathan Raymond Jackson, Francis Rusher Kerr, Martha Victoria King, Allan Lincoln Langley, Mary Imelda Leddy, Caroline Christine Lester, Gerda Sophia Lindroth, Roderick MacLeod, Bradford Norman Morse, Louise Betty Nissen, Ardelia Francis Browning Peckham, Barbara Carlotta Peckham, Elsie Petzka, Ethel Cummings Plummer, William Francis Xavier Reardon, Henry Lloyd Rooney, Sadie St. Clair, Mary Elizabeth Sheehan, Wynne Chard Stevens, Charles Harold Stratford, Helen Louise Sullivan, Rachel Winnie Taber, Stewart Josiah Teaze, Christina McDonald Urquhart, Elizabeth Gertrude Vaughan, Hazel Brenton Ward, Medora May Ward, Marguerite Watson, William Marshall Winthrop, Ralph Howard Young.

Superior Court.

The third week of the June session of the Superior Court has seen a number of cases tried and considerable progress made toward cleaning up the docket. The first case for a jury trial was National Bank of North America vs. Edward R. Thomas, to recover on a promissory note for $50,000, made by the defendant. An attachment had been placed on the Thomas residence in Newport. There were several prominent attorneys from out of the city on both sides of the case. The plaintiff proved the note and introduced a copy of the record showing that the property stood in the name of Mr. Thomas in 1907. For the defence witnesses were called to identify a deed made by Mr. Thomas in 1906 to his wife, Linda B. Thomas. The jury retired Tuesday morning and returned a verdict for the defendant, finding that he had no title or interest in the Newport property.

The next case put on was that of Louis Walsh against Samuel Horowitz and Esther Horowitz, a suit to recover on a promissory note of $100. The note was lost by plaintiff in New York. The verdict of the jury was for the full amount claimed with interest.

Tuesday afternoon the case of Jerome C. Borden vs. John G. Wright et al. was put on, this being a suit to recover a balance of $850 on a promissory note. After the testimony had been heard the court directed the jury to find for the plaintiff.

The case of Peter J. Leonard vs. the Newport & Wickford Railroad & Steamboat Co. was tried and the court directed a verdict for plaintiff for $91.65. Remington Ward was given a verdict for $18.00 in his suit against W. E. Stanhope and W. A. Stoddard as Old Mill Sausage Makers.

The resignation of Rev. Aquilla Webb, D. D., which was tendered to the church several weeks ago, was presented at a meeting of the Boston Presbytery in Fall River the past week, and was confirmed, thus transferring Dr. Webb to the Louisville Presbytery, where he will on September 1st begin his labors at the Warren Memorial Presbyterian church of Louisville, Ky. The departure of Dr. Webb from this city is deeply regretted by all who know him, and it was hoped that he might reconsider the call and remain in this city.

Max David was arrested on Monday on the charge of abandoning the baby which was found on School street, near the Children's Home, on June 3rd. He was arraigned before Judge Franklin on the charge of abandoning his child and pleaded not guilty, being bound over in the sum of $300. He was released on bail. Since then the police have located the mother of the child, and David was again arrested and placed in the Newport County Jail in default of $5,000 bail in a suit which Clara Siesbman has brought against him for breach of promise.

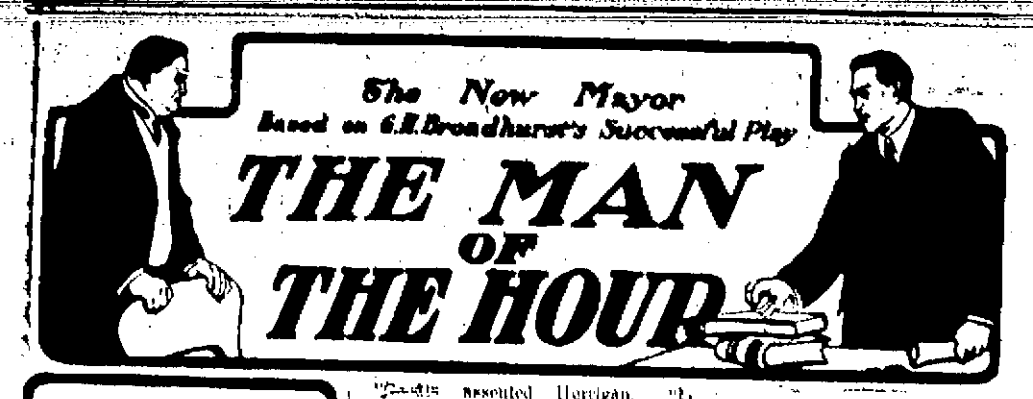
Miss Mary Robinson Hamlin, daughter of Mrs. Sarah D. Hamlin, and Mr. William George Kerr, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kerr, were married at the home of the bride's mother on Broadway Wednesday evening, Rev. Joseph Cooper, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, officiating. A reception followed the ceremony, which was largely attended, and where congratulations were showered on the young couple. The bride received many useful and beautiful gifts.

The Everett House in New York, which has been a great favorite with Newporters for many years past, will be torn down and a new building erected on the site.

Mr. Herbert W. Lull, Superintendent of Schools of Newport, addressed the graduates and others of the East Providence schools on Thursday evening.

The Newport Horticultural Society holds its summer exhibition in Masonic Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 23rd and 24th.

Mrs. Belmont receives all the property of her late husband, Oliver H. P. Belmont. The will was filed Wednesday.



BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE momentous Friday had arrived; the day whereon the famous—or infamous—Borough Street railway bill in its amended form was to come up for the aldermen's consideration.

Every paper in the city devoted columns to the situation. Everywhere it was known that the "boy mayor" was fighting with all his might the bill he had already vetoed. Equally well was it understood that Horrigan was making the battle of his whole career in behalf of the measure. If he could but rallied his "solid thirteen" aldermen to stand firm and could maintain his hold on Roberts for the fourteenth, all would be plain sailing and the bill would pass by a two-thirds vote in spite of the mayor's veto.

More than the mere bill and his price for it were included in Horrigan's reasons for his present activity. He recognized that his prestige as boss was at stake—that in case of failure his hold on the organization would be considerably weakened, perhaps almost so much shaken as to permit Phelan to fulfill his once absurd threat to tear him down from his eminence. For the whole organization was viewing with breathless interest the duel between Horrigan and the youthful mayor the boss had "made." In such circles a beaten man commands scant respect.

* * * * * * *

The board of aldermen were in session in the city hall. Off the antechamber of the great room where they met was a small, snugly furnished apartment, first of a series of similar rooms that stretched away, with connecting doors, to the far end of the main corridor. This place, with the room adjoining, had once been the comptroller's office. Of late, however, that official had changed his quarters and the room nearest the antechamber had been appropriated by Horrigan himself as a sort of unofficial snuggery, where he could sit at ease and transact business at close quarters whenever the organization's secret interests demanded his presence at the city hall.

Here, his whereabouts known only to his intimate and personal lieutenants, the boss was wont to sit at ease, like some fat, rubicund spider in the center of a web of intrigue, and issue his orders or plans of campaign. Some of these were carried by word of mouth through the anteroom into the aldermanic chamber. Others he transmitted by means of a telephone that stood handy on the center table, before which his great easy chair was always placed.

Around this table as the board of aldermen were about to convene on the fateful Friday of the Borough bill's final consideration sat three men—Wainwright, Gibbs and Horrigan. The former, in spite of his habitual steady coolness, was plainly uneasy. Gibbs made no effort to deny his anxiety. His eyes were bloodshot, his manner abstracted and his nerves evidently strung to breaking point. Horrigan alone of the trio had abated not one jot of the colossal calm and brutal power that were part and parcel of the man's mighty character.

"When will our bill come up, do you suppose?" asked Gibbs, breaking a brief silence.

"In half an hour or so probably," answered Horrigan, glancing at his watch. "I thought it was better for us to get here ahead of time."

"Half an hour," fumed Gibbs, "and neither Ellis nor Roberts here yet! Suppose they don't get here on time?"

"They will," grunted Horrigan pleasantly.

"Do you think it is possible either of them has come yet?" went on Gibbs, with a glance at the antechamber door.

"No."

"How do you know? Perhaps—"

"Williams would have told me. He knows where I'm to be found."

"You're sure Ellis and Roberts will show up?"

"Sure."

"Dead sure?"

"As good thing."

"But suppose they don't?" insisted Gibbs nervously. "What then?"

"Why, if they don't, then they won't. What do you suppose?" snapped Horrigan. "What's the matter with you, anyhow? Are you looking for a museum job as the human question mark?"

"Gibbs is naturally nervous," explained Wainwright. "He's not so old at this game as you and I, Horrigan, and we must make allowances."

"Nonsense!" grunted the boss. "I should say he is! Just look at that cigar I gave him. He's been chewing it as if it was a sausage. That's no way to treat a fifty cent cigar, man! Here, try another, and see if you can't smoke it instead of eating a free lunch off it. Nothing like a good smoke to steady your nerves. If—"

The antechamber door opened, and Williams hurried in.

"I got Ellis!" he reported. "He's here, and"—with significant emphasis—"he's sober."

"Good!" ejaculated Horrigan. "I thought he'd come to time. Now, for Roberts and the thing's done."

"The gallery in there is jammed," reported Williams, jerking his head toward the aldermanic chamber. "I never saw such a mob in the place before."

"That's what comes of all this newspaper publicity," growled Horrigan. "If it wasn't for the papers the people'd never make any trouble for us. But they read the news and then they 'get silly ideas about their rights,' and a lot of them come here to see they don't get swindled. Lord! If the papers would only suspend publication for one month, I'd guarantee to put the whole state in my vest pocket. They're always butting in to spoil the organization's honest profits. How are the crowd in the galleries behaving?"

"They're quiet," answered Williams uneasily. "Too quiet. That's what bothers me. They seem to be waiting for the Borough bill to"—

"If they raise any row, rush a motion through to clear the galleries," ordered Horrigan.

"Nothing short of the police could clear away that big crowd."

"Then we'll have the police in to help."

"But," argued Williams, "that would mean a riot, and a lot of people would get hurt. All the newspapers tomorrow would"—

"Never mind that. Go ahead and do as you're told. At the first sign of disapproval from the galleries have the motion passed and turn the police loose. Understand?"

"All right," acquiesced Williams dubiously, and withdrew.

Wainwright opened his mouth to protest, but Horrigan was already busy at the telephone.

"Hello!" he called. "I want 900 p—900 P. Yes—yes. Is that the captain?" he went on a moment later. "Then send him to the phone. Tell him Mr. Horrigan— Hello, captain!" after another pause. "Yes, it's Horrigan. At city hall. In the aldermanic chamber there's a mob, and we're likely to need the police to quiet 'em. Yes. No, not 'clear' them, you fool! 'Quiet' them! Yes. Send us a squad at double quick, and let the sergeant report to Williams. Let the boys bring their night sticks, and tell 'em they're to take no back talk and not to be afraid to slug if it comes to that, and I guess it will. Pick out the right sort to send. Yes. Of course I'll back up anything they do. Sure. Rush 'em. Goodby."

"But"— began Wainwright as Horrigan hung up the receiver. The boss cut him short. "I'll let that gallery crowd see it ain't safe to interfere with my work."

"But," protested Wainwright, "surely it will not be necessary to"—

"To break heads? It probably will. Why not?"

"I'd rather use diplomatic tactics."

"Diplomacy's a game I never took the trouble to learn."

"But those people you're about to antagonize control votes"—

"Yes. The people may control the votes, but we count them. See the difference?"

"But doesn't the law permit the public to attend these meetings?"

"Only so long as they behave themselves. If a few of 'em get clubbed they won't be so ready next time to butt in where they aren't wanted. They"—

The tinkle of the telephone bell cut short the boss' public spirited remarks. Horrigan unslung the receiver.

"Hello!" he hailed. "Who's— Oh, Roberts, eh?"

"Is it Roberts?" cried Gibbs excitedly.

"No," snarled Horrigan in ponderous sarcasm. "It's the czar of Russia telephoning to borrow a nickel. I called him 'Roberts' just to flatter him. Go on, Roberts! What's that? Yes, this is Mr. Horrigan. Want to see me, do you? What for? No, there isn't," he went on angrily after a moment's listening. "You and I settled all that. Come and do your share of the— Yes, I tell you it's up to you to make good."

Another pause, during which Gibbs and Wainwright glanced at each other in suspense. Then the boss continued, in a louder voice, over the wire:

"Well, come to my room in the city hall, then, if you've got to see me. But there's no need for it. It's all settled, and there's nothing more to be said. I'll be here. Don't keep me waiting. I— What's that? No! I won't come to you! You'll come to me, and you'll come on the double quick! Jump now! If you don't— No, that's all. Hump up!"

"Wouldn't it be wise," suggested Gibbs, "to humor the man by going to him, as he suggests? That"—

"No, it wouldn't!" retorted Horrigan as he kept the telephone. "If I'd gone on the principle of 'humoring' fellas, I'd still be working at eighteen per selling fancy tickets. Take my tip, friend! Never go to a man. Make him come to you. That's business. And it gives you a 20 per cent better chance with him. Now, then," pulling a paper from his pocket, "I told you about the report I had Morris & Cherrington dig out showing up Bennett's old game. Here it is. Like to look it over while we're waiting?"

"Little enough good it seems to have done!" returned Wainwright as the three heads bent over the document. "She's still fighting us, tooth and nail."

"Yes," agreed Horrigan grimly, "but it's a satisfaction to know it isn't only us he's fighting. She's cutting into his own throat too."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE first committee room that lay to the right of Horrigan's office—in the same relation to it as the antechamber to the left—was usually given over to dry official business, and its musty walls must almost have experienced a distinct shock about this time as Dallas Wainwright entered from the corridor behind. She was accompanied by Perry and by Phelan, who, passing through the corridor toward the aldermanic chamber, had collided with the brother and sister at the committee room door.

"Here's a good sight for sore eyes, Miss Wainwright," the alderman was saying with his best air. "But is it fair to ask what brings such a bunch of sunshine into an old political shell like this? I'd as soon think of seeing Horrigan at mass as to find you here."

"I want to attend the aldermen's meeting," exclaimed Dallas. "I have a special reason. So I made Perry bring me. But at the door they told us the gallery was so crowded that we couldn't"—

"Never you mind the gallery, miss," interrupted Phelan. "It isn't meant for the likes of you anyway. You just sit here a few minutes, an' I'll catch an attendant somewhere an' make him hustle up a couple of good chairs for you on the main floor, where you can pipe everything just like you were in your own op'ra box coppin' off a swad of high C's."

"Thank you so much, alderman," replied Dallas. "I hope we're not putting you to too much trouble."

"No trouble at all. An' even if it was I'd come a-runnin' to meet it. I'm the original trouble eater. Besides, the best in the house is none too good for the lady who was so int'rested in my outings. So long! I'll be right back."

"What a queer chap he is!" mused Perry, as Phelan hastened away on his mission. "If I could take a six weeks' course in slang and hot air from that man I'd be able to sew buttons on the whole English language."

"I don't think you need very much tuition," observed Dallas. "But it was kind of Mr. Phelan to look after us. I like him be"—

"Because he's standing by Bennett so pluckily in this fight?"

"Mr. Bennett is nothing to me."

"No?" asked Perry in innocent amaze. "Then I wasted a lot of good cigarette money cabling to you about his campaign when you were across the big wash last summer. For a man who was 'nothing' to you you sure took large swads of intelligent interest. Look here, little girl," he went on, less flippantly, "what's the matter? Has anything"—

"No!" she broke in, with a miserable effort at courage. "Nothing's the matter. I'm perfectly happy. Why shouldn't I be? An engaged girl is always"—

"An engaged girl!" he shouted in high glee. "You don't mean to say you and Alwyn"—

"Of course not. I am engaged to Mr. Gibbs."

"Good Lord!" gasped the lad in honest dismay. "If that's meant for a joke, it's the punkest ever! Did"—

"It isn't a joke, Perry, and it's very rude of you to talk so. I am engaged to Mr. Gibbs, and"—

"But—how—when did the atrocity come off, and"—

"I became engaged to him the night of the administration ball. I didn't want to tell you yet, because I knew you don't like him. I'm—I'm"—

"You're happy?"

"Certainly I am!" she retorted defiantly. "So happy that I"—

"That you are having a fight to keep from crying this blessed minute!" he finished. "Say, Dallas, it breaks me all up to have you so miserable. I think a whole lot of you. More'n of any one else but Cynthia. And I want to help you out of this measly mixup. Won't you?"—

"There is nothing any one can do," she murmured sadly. "I have chosen my course and I"—

"Cheese it!" whispered Perry in hurried admonition. "Here comes Bennett, and Phelan's with him."

The young mayor came in, talking to the alderman as he came.

"This room's disengaged," he was saying. "I'll write it here and give it to—oh, I beg your pardon," he broke off, recognizing Dallas and Perry. "I didn't know"—

"I've got two good seats for you," announced Phelan. "Right where you can see an' hear the whole shootin' match. An' I guess before the mornin's over it's liable to get an int'restin' an a double 'Uncle Tom' show in a test. I'll show you the way as soon as you're ready. There's no rush. Things ain't begun to shake up yet."

Bennett had crossed to where Dallas stood irresolute and, under cover of Phelan's talk with Perry, said to her, with a curious unconscious stiffness:

"I hear I was the taken aback by your announcement the other evening to remember to congratulate you, but please believe me when I say I wish you every happiness in the new life you have chosen."

"Thank you very much," faltered Dallas.

There was an awkward pause; then she said:

"You came in here to write something. I'm afraid we are detaining you. You must be busy with your fight against the Borough bill. You are quite determined to continue it to the end?"

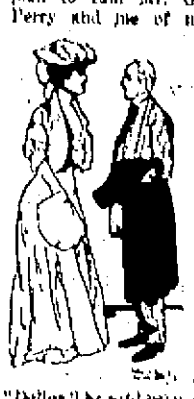
"To the bitter end," he answered unhesitatingly. "Even though that end can hold nothing but bitterness for me."

The set anguish in his face moved Dallas more than she dared confess even to herself.

"I am sorry," she said softly.

"It is the course I have chosen," he answered, with a shrug, "and if it leads to eternal darkness instead of the sunlight I expected I must follow it none the less."

"That is sheer obstinacy," she cried, battling against her own heart's passionate plea. "You have laid out a plan to ruin Mr. Gibbs, to deprive Perry and me of my own fortune, to enrich yourself by selling Borough stock short and then voting the bill so that the stock would collapse. You have done all this, and yet you talk of following your abominable course to the end!"



"Dallas," he said very quietly, "you don't understand."

"Dallas," he said very quietly, "you don't understand, and you refused to trust me to explain, so I can say no more. But one day you may learn the cruel mistake you are making."

"Mistake?"

"I don't mean that you are mistaken in choosing Gibbs instead of me, but that you are wrong in your judgment of what I am doing. I hope you will understand some day. It will be too late to change anything then, but at least I shall be set right in your eyes. And that means more to me than you can ever know. Goodby."

He left the room abruptly, and Dallas stared after him, her brain awhirl with conflicting thoughts.

"There's a man in ten million, miss," volunteered Phelan, breaking in on her reverie, "an' from the looks of that bran' new diamy, three-k spark on your finger I guess you're wise to the fact."

"I am engaged to Mr. Gibbs," replied Dallas coldly.

"What the"— gasped Phelan, checking himself just in time. "I'm sure sorry for you, miss," he went on, with a sincerity that precluded any offense, "for frien' Gibbs is going to have something so heavy fall on his bank roll by the time we're through with this Borough bill that he'll be able to use his wad for a book mark without crinklin' any of the leaves. Why, he'll"—

"Come, Perry," interrupted Dallas. "Shall we go to the meeting now?"

Confused, she turned to the door leading into Horrigan's room instead of that opening on the corridor and found herself face to face with her uncle, the boss and Gibbs.

"I beg your pardon," she began, surprised. "I didn't know"—

"Dallas!" exclaimed Gibbs and Wainwright in the same breath. Horrigan scowled at the interruption as all three men rose to their feet.

"What brings you to a place like this?" asked Wainwright in displeasure.

"Perry and I," indicating her brother, who had followed her into the room, "are going to attend the meeting of the board of aldermen."

"But," protested her uncle disapprovingly, "it is hardly the sort of"—

"My fortune and Perry's and that of the man I am to marry are all bound up in the Borough bill," she answered fearlessly. "I have a right to be present when that bill's fate is decided."

"Good nerve!" applauded Horrigan. "You're a thoroughbred. If there were more women like you"—

"Mr. Horrigan," reported Williams, hurrying in from an antechamber, "the police have come, and"—

"All right," answered the boss. "Give the sergeant his orders."

"I—I hardly like the responsibility," muttered Williams, "and"—

"But you'll take it. I'm backing you. By the way, get seats for Miss Wainwright and her brother. Get them close to the anteroom door, so if there's a row she can come back here. If there are no vacant seats there, clear a couple of people out and make place for"—

"But we have seats," protested Dallas as Williams sped on his errand. "Alderman Phelan"—

"Alderman Phelan will have trouble finding a seat in this city when I'm done with him," snarled Horrigan. "Better take the seats I offer, Miss Wainwright. They're safer."

"But," protested Wainwright, "if there's to be any danger she mustn't be there. I can't have"—

"I will be on hand to help her if there is," Gibbs answered him.

"H'm!" grunted Horrigan in somewhat uncomplimentary doubt.

"I will, too!" spoke up Perry.

Horrigan nodded approval.

"You'll be all right then," said he. "And now"—

"You spoke of the police being in the aldermanic chamber," said Dallas. "What for?"

"To check any trouble the gallery may make," answered Horrigan. "This man Bennett's stirred the people up with a lot of his anarchistic pictures lately till they're crazy. Some one's liable to get a broken skull, and then Bennett will have himself to thank. Maybe when the police have hammered a little sense into folks' heads with their nightsticks, the victims will begin to understand just what sort of a man Alwyn Bennett is. Remember now, Gibbs, and you, too, young Wainwright, if there's any sign of a row bring Miss Wainwright back here at once."

"All right," agreed Perry, a little rueful at the prospect of missing a free fight. "Let's go in there now. I've never been to an alderman's meeting before, but I ran up against a car strike riot once, so I guess I'm up to most of the subtle rules of elegance that govern such shows. Come on, people, if you're coming."

"Your niece is a thoroughbred," repeated Horrigan, with rare appreciation, as the anteroom door closed behind Dallas and her two escorts. "So she's to marry Gibbs, is she? I'm sorry for them both."

"Why?" asked Wainwright sharply.

"Because it won't take her a year to find out that he's a yellow cur. And when she does she'll either kick him out or lead him around on a chain. Now, the fellow a girl of that sort ought to have married is Bennett. He's an obstinate fool, but he's a man. I thought you said once he was stuck on her."

"He was. He still is."

"And she took Gibbs instead?" cried Horrigan, a world of incredulity in his rough voice. "Women are a queer lot! Why'd she shake Bennett, if—if is a fair question?"

"I let her see Gibbs was a heroic martyr," said Wainwright, with quiet significance, "and that Bennett was"—

"Oh, I see!" chuckled Horrigan. "Still, there might be something made out of Bennett's love for her even yet."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not quite sure. I'll have to think it over."

"Roberts has come!" exclaimed Williams, entering from the corridor. "He's asking for you. Shall I bring him in here?"

"Yes," replied Horrigan. "By the way," he added to Wainwright as Williams departed, "I'll have to ask you to clear out for a few minutes. I've got to see Roberts alone. Now for the tussle that'll decide the whole fight!"

CHAPTER XV.

WILLIAMS entered with Roberts in tow. The latter wore a haggard, troubled look, and his natural nervousness had visibly deepened, so much so that he had not even noted Phelan's appearance in the corridor as he passed into Horrigan's private room.

"Good evening, alderman," said Horrigan civilly.

"Good evening, sir," answered Roberts palpably ill at ease.

"I understand there's a full meeting today. Even Ellis came back from the south to be here. You're the only man missing."

"I couldn't get here sooner. I"—

"I see. That's all, Williams. You needn't wait. Roberts and I want a little talk before he goes in. Now, then," went on the boss, with a complete change of manner as Williams left the room, "what's the matter with you?"

"I—I can't!"—

"Can't what? Speak out, man! Don't stand there and mumble at me!"

"I can't vote for the Borough franchise bill."

"Can't, hey?" roared Horrigan. "Why not?"

"Because—because"— faltered Roberts; then, with a rush of hysterical emotion that blotted out his fear, he cried:

"Have you heard what that man Bennett has done? He organized a voters' committee in my ward and sent them to ask me at my own house what I was going to do about that bill. They had been stirred up by Bennett till they looked on me as a crook and on the bill as a personal robbery. They told me if I voted for it they'd know I was a dirty thief and grafter and that they'd kick me out of the ward."

"Well, well!" rumbled Horrigan soothingly, as though trying to calm a fractious drunkard. "What do you care? When they've forgotten all about the bill you'll still have the dough, won't you? Folks won't ask 'How'd he get it?' All they'll care to know is 'Has he got it?'"

"That isn't all!" Roberts blundered on, scarcely heeding the interruption. "Bennett's next step was to organize a committee of voters' wives, and they came to see my wife this morning when I was out and told her they'd heard I was going to sell myself and vote for a dishonest bill. My wife—my wife thinks I'm the squarest, noblest man on earth. Oh, you needn't sneer! Her trust means everything to me. She told the women I wouldn't stoop to any deed that wasn't honest, and they answered: 'Our husbands believe Mr. Roberts is a crook. If he is really honest he'll vote against that bill, as he did before.' Then on my way home this noon I met my little boy. He was crying. I asked him what the matter was. He said that some boys had told him I was a grafter. I tell you," his voice rising almost to a scream, "Bennett's made my life a hell. I'm no crook. I'm honest and"—

"Sure you're honest!" Horrigan exclaimed, as though to a cross child. "Honest as the day! That's why you're voting for our bill. Because the crooked clauses have been cut out of it, and in its present form it's a benefit to the city."

"That isn't why I promised to vote for it," contradicted Roberts, with a desperate dash of courage. "It was because I—because"—

"Never mind why, then, but just go ahead and do it."

"I won't! I dare not"—

"You'll do it, I say!" stormed Horrigan. "You can't welch on me at this stage of the game. Those Startevant Trust company notes of yours were sent to you and"—

"And I won't take them!" declared Roberts, slamming two slips of paper down upon the table. "There! Take them back!"

"What do I want of them?" argued Horrigan craftily. "They belong to you."

"They don't. I won't keep them."

"You'll have to. I keep you to your promise."

"What promise?" asked a voice behind them.

Bennett, hastily summoned by Phelan, had entered the room unobserved by either of the excited men.

"What promise?" he asked again. "A promise to"—

"What are you doing here?" bellowed Horrigan in fury. "You called me down soon for coming into your private office without knocking. What d'you mean by coming into mine?"

"Yours?" queried Alwyn. "I had an idea it was the city's. The time is past when the words 'Horrigan' and 'city' meant the same thing. Well, Roberts, how are you going to vote? I want to believe you honest, and—Why, what's all this?" his eyes falling on the forgotten notes on the table.

"Nothing of yours!" shouted Horrigan, making a futile, furious grab for the documents which Alwyn was picking up. "Drop them! Drop them, I say, or you'll—

"What should I?" asked Bennett calmly.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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Leave Morton Park for Mile Corner—6.22 to 7.47 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for Beach—6.30 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach—6.45 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7.00 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin street for One Mile Corner at 6.15 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m. and then same as week days.

Leave Franklin street for Morton Park—6.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.25 p. m. Sundays 6.15 a. m. and then same as week days.

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THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

ly, his quick eye taking in the nature of the slips of paper even as his alert brain grasped in full the meaning of the transaction in which they figured. "Do they belong to you?"

"They don't belong to you anyway," retorted Horrigan, "and if you dare read them"—

"I've already read them, Roberts," he added in a kinder voice, turning to the shaking alderman, "these were to have been your bribe, weren't they, for voting for the Borough bill?"

His quietly compelling tone and glance forced from Roberts a frightened "Yes" before Horrigan could interfere.

"I thought so. Be quiet, Horrigan," he commanded as the infuriated boss sought to speak through his choking wrath. "This is between Roberts and me. Now, then"—

"I returned the notes to him!" pleaded Roberts in panic. "Honestly, I did! Just before you came in. I could have kept them, and he couldn't have prevented me even if I voted against the bill. But I'm square and"—

"You are square!" affirmed Bennett, gripping the alderman's cold, moist hand in friendly reassurance. "I knew all along you were honest at heart. Horrigan wanted to bribe you, and you wouldn't be bribed. Now, I want you to go into the council room and vote as your manhood tells you to."

Roberts, comforted, yet still trembling, obeyed, not venturing a second look at Horrigan.

"Now, my friend," said Bennett pleasantly when he and the boss were alone together, "what are you going to do about it? It seems to me your game is up."

"I want those notes!" panted Horrigan, finding coherent speech with an effort through his red mist of rage.

"Why? They're not yours. They aren't made over to you, and there is no cancellation stamp on them. They are the property of the Sturtevant Trust company, and I'll send them back there tomorrow—after I've had them photographed."

"You'll give them to me," shouted Horrigan, his mighty body vibrating with fury, "or you'll never leave this room alive!"

"You're a fool, Horrigan," remarked Bennett, with condescending calm, "for you don't even know the right man to bully!"

Then waged the battle of wills, both men standing motionless.

He gazed unflinchingly into the maddened little eyes of the boss, and so for a moment they stood—patrician and proletariat—in the world old struggle of the two for supremacy.

Horrigan's face was scarlet, distorted, murderous; Bennett's pale, cold, deadly in its repose.

And then waged the battle of wills, both men standing motionless, tense, vibrant with dynamic force.

Slowly, little by little, Horrigan's eyes dropped. He moved awkwardly to one side from his position in front of the door and Bennett, without so much as a backward look, passed out.

The boss, like a man in a daze, sank heavily into a chair and gazed straight ahead of him, his usually red face gray and pasty.

But he was not to enjoy even the scant boon of solitude. From the anteroom Gibbs strolled in.

"They're going over some unimportant preliminary business," remarked the broker, "so I came out for a breath of fresh air. How are things going?"

"We're beat," grunted Horrigan, not looking up.

"Beat?" screamed Gibbs, ashen and inert at the news. "You don't mean it! You can't mean it! Great heaven!"

The sight of the other's cowardly emotion seemed to rouse Horrigan from his apathy.

"If I can stand it, you can!" he snarled. "You only lose your percentage on the deal, while I"—

"A percentage?" echoed Gibbs, too panic stricken to heed his own indiscretion. "Every cent I had in the world! I"—

He checked himself an instant too late.

"So?" drawled Horrigan, his keen little eyes searing the other with boundless contempt. "So it was you who were secretly buying up the stock and falling in on to our game, hey?"

"I'm ruined! Broke! And"—

"And you've got it coming to you, you whining traitor! The man who goes back on his partners deserves all the kicking he gets."

"I—I didn't mean any harm!" mumbled the crushed Gibbs. "It couldn't hurt you people to have me buy Borough stock for myself, and I'd have cleared up a million and more. Oh, don't glower like that, Horrigan, but try to think out some way of"—

"Of what, you cur?"

"Isn't there any way even now to make Bennett let up on his fight?"

"If there was you couldn't be of use to us, so why should I talk about it to you?"

"But I'd do anything in the world—anything"—

"You would?" cut in Horrigan sharply.

"Yes, yes! Only give me a chance! I'd"—

Horrigan considered, then said reflectively:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Harmless Joke.

Place a spool of cotton in the inside pocket of your coat and, having threaded a needle with the beginning of the cotton, pass the needle through the front of the coat, unthread the needle and leave about two inches of the cotton hanging as if it were only a stray piece. The first person you meet will be sure to pick it off you, and his astonishment when he finds there is no end to it will give plenty of innocent fun.

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

His Good Eye.

It is a curious fact that the loss of any one of the five senses is atoned for to a considerable extent by a pronounced increase in the efficiency of the other senses. The result is sometimes astonishing.

A man who had lost the sight of both eyes trained his hearing until he could tell by the sound of his footsteps on the sidewalks as he made his way about town whether he was in the middle of the walk or at one side, whether he was walking past a brick or a frame house or a fence or open ground.

He knew in what part of the town he was not only by his memory or sense of general direction, but by the difference in the "tones" of his footsteps, and he walked about freely, seldom running into anything or anybody.

Some one in his presence once called in question his total blindness.

"Which eye do you think I can see with?" he asked the skeptic.

"The left one, of course," was the reply. "I can see that the right one is blind."

In reply the blind man merely opened his penknife and tapped the left eye with the little blade.

It was a glass eye.

How His Place Was Filled.

A well known divine whose theological discourses draw crowded houses in all the principal cities accepted an invitation to lecture in a small provincial town, but discovered afterward that he had a prior engagement on the same date. He accordingly apologized and offered to make good any loss the society might incur through his delinquency.

A few days later he received a letter from the secretary assuring him that no harm was done and inclosing a handbill which the divine is never tired of reading to his amused friends.

"As the Rev. Mr. —— is unable to give his advertised lecture on 'Conscience,'" announced the bill, "four members of the B—— minstrel troupe have kindly volunteered to perform instead a screamingly laughable farce entitled ——. Any person who has bought a ticket for the other entertainment may have it transferred to this on payment of sixpence extra."—London Tatler.

His Hint.

"Don't you want some needles, dear?" queried Brown as he picked up his shirt and glanced at the places where the buttons should have been.

"Why, no," replied Mrs. Brown. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought," said Brown a trifle nervously, "that probably your old ones had become worn by much use."

The Way of Heather.

Where Sonnerbo township touches the boundaries of Halland there is a sandy heath which is so farreaching that he who stands upon one edge of it cannot look across to the other. Nothing except heather grows on the heath, and it wouldn't be easy to coax other growths to thrive there. To start with, one would have to uproot the heather, for it is thus with heather: Although it has only a little shrunken root, small shrunken branches and dry, shrunken leaves, it fancies that it's a tree. Therefore it acts just like real trees—spreads itself out in forest fashion over wide areas, holds together faithfully and causes all foreign growths that wish to crowd in upon its territory to die out.—"Adventures of Nils," Translated From the Swedish of Selma Lagerlof by Velma Swanston Howard.

Protecting Her Cake.

The woman who had charge of a certain village postoffice was strongly suspected of tampering with parcels intrusted to her care. One day a rosy cheeked youngster, dressed in his best clothes, entered the postoffice and carefully laid a huge slice of iced cake on the counter.

"With my sister the bride's compliments, and will you please eat as much as you can?" he said.

The postmistress smiled delightedly.

"How very kind of the bride to remember me!" she cried. "Did she know of my weakness for wedding cake?"

"She did," answered the youngster coldly, "and she thought she'd send yer a bit of it this afternoon, just to take the edge off yer appetite before she posted any boxes off to her friends!"—Exchange.

The Artful Passenger.

"Here, you," said the conductor angrily, "you rang up a fare. Do that again and I'll put you off."

The small man standing jammed in the middle of the car promptly rang up another fare. Thereupon the conductor projected him through the crowd and to the edge of the platform.

"Thanks," said the little man. "I didn't see any other way to get out. Here's your dime." — Philadelphia Ledger.

His Night Work.

Wifey—What makes you stay at the office so late at nights? Do you gain anything by it? Hubby—No, but I have several times come—er—within an ace of gaining something.—Philadelphia Record.

One Sided.

"Does he enjoy funny stories?"

"Yes; when he tells them."

Moslem Architecture.

The moslem architecture at Agra and Delhi, so splendid, yet so short lived, is so distinctive of a dynasty, and so alien to the country as to be chiefly significant of the influence of the west on the east and stands alike, in its permanence and in its feeling or ideality in remarkable contrast to all that was before it, is around it and has come after it. It is indeed curious how young India is in art and how old in her literature, her customs and her social framework. There is no social institution surviving in Greece or Italy that can in respect of age or of interest compare with the Hindoo castes, and there are no buildings or monuments in India that can boast an antiquity equal to much that can be found in the Latin and even in the Teutonic countries of Europe. Only a few of the ruder and smaller rock temples go behind the Christian era, the greater and more elaborate belonging to a more recent date, and it is but what the later history would lead us to expect when we find as regards recently recovered Buddhist sculptures that a sense of form begins to appear just as Greek influences become active in India, though the imitations stand at an immense distance from the originals.—Contemporary Review.

A Misnamed Island.

The island of Madagascar is misnamed. It should be called St. Lorenz Island. Marco Polo in his work on Africa named a stretch of land on the east coast, south of the equator, Madagascar. Some time after this Martin Behaim of Nuremberg prepared a chart of Africa, using Marco Polo's works as a guide, but misunderstood the report on Madagascar, thinking it meant an island. He thereupon deliberately added an island to the east coast. This imaginary island was mapped on the charts of the geographers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In 1506 the Portuguese sea captain, Fernando Svarez, discovered the real island of Madagascar and gave it the name of St. Lorenz, and for a time thereafter two islands found their place on the charts. In 1581 it was known that there was really only one island, and in accordance with this discovery the original name of Madagascar was retained, and the other name was dropped.

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AGENTS WANTED to sell the Novels of PAUL DE KOCK. The *Outlook* says "he is one of the most amusing writers of the century;" and Bulwer wrote of him, "more racy and powerful than any other writer I am aware of." Pamphlet sent on request.

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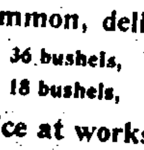

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone	181
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Saturday, June 20, 1908.

Registrations of voters for the elections this fall are beginning to boom all over the State. It is time.

Bank Commissioner Goodwin has called for reports of all savings banks, State banks, and trust companies as of June 30.

Boston's tax rate has been increased from $15.90 to $16.40. The expenses and the taxes of all our cities are constantly on the increase.

General opinion in Washington is that President Roosevelt will succeed Senator Depew rather than Senator Platt. Depew's term will run out in 1911.

The prohibition party in Rhode Island will hold its State convention on Labor Day for the nomination of candidates for Governor and other State officers.

It is said that Gov. Hughes will not be a candidate for governor again. It has cost him between $60,000 and $75,000 per year to occupy the place. Governorships come high.

There are political critics unkind enough to say that they oppose Mr. Bryan for President on the ground that his incumbency would amount to practically a third term for Roosevelt.

"Presidents are elected by electoral votes, and the States that furnish no Republican electoral votes should not expect to run Republican national conventions." A true statement which should be observed in making up the next National Convention.

Both crops and politics are working out in a manner which may be taken as adding to the strength of the investment position, and each day some news, like the defeat of Governor Hoke Smith of Georgia, for instance, a radical, antagonist of about everything which he could get at, shows plainly enough that the muck-rake days are over and that the people are fully alive to the fallacies of some of the politicians.

The Rhode Island delegation to the Chicago Convention, including Mr. Edward S. Rawson and Colonel O. H. P. Robinson of Newport, seem to have been busy while in that western city. They have been entertained by admiring friends and, when not entertained by others, have entertained themselves. They have been the recipients of many dinners, at which each member has been nominated for some high office from Vice President down to Governor and Congressman. Thanks to the reporters who accompanied the party the Rhode Island delegation has not been lost.

One begins to doubt the existence of hard times in reading of the trans-Atlantic steamers landing visitors from America on the shores of Europe at the rate of 7,000 a week. And it is predicted that by the end of this month they will be arriving at the rate of 20,000 a week. London confidently expects to have been visited before August by 150,000 Americans. It has been remarked that it will be hard to make the Londoners, Parisians and Romans believe in the "business depression" on our side of the Atlantic. The fact is these people can live abroad quietly cheaper than they can live here and keep up the ostentation they are expected to. The amount of money they take out of this country is something enormous.

By the nomination of William H. Taft for the Presidency, the Republican party have a leader of large experience, great ability, and a man well fitted in every way for the important office. The platform is a good one upon which the battle of the ballots is to be fought, and it looks as though the Republican party might this year march to easy victory. In all probability, Secretary Taft is the best known man ever put forward for the high office of the head of the nation. He has all his life been in public service. He has successfully filled every office to which he has been chosen. He has won the reputation of the great pacifier, having travelled many times from Cuba to the Philippines to settle the differences that have arisen in those outlying and far separated districts. With the election of President Taft, the country will start on another four years of great prosperity. The delegates to the great convention have performed their duties well.

Better Service Needed.

It is reported that the complete electrification of the New Haven system is contemplated at an early day. The part now operated by electricity has proved eminently satisfactory. In the next move Newport should be considered and better service between this city and Providence should be given. As it is now it is much easier to go to Boston than it is to go to Providence. The change of cars at Fall River is bad. There is no waiting room for Newport passengers and the street cars to the rail-way are decidedly dangerous. The people of Newport should demand through trains between the two principal cities of Rhode Island, and some of them should be fast trains, so that the [illegible] between the two cities can be [illegible] in less than two hours.

The Needs of the Day.

In the United States at this time there is need of more statesmanship and less politics. If the President would be satisfied to use his great powers for the correction of abuses, even as he sees them, without a spectacular display of whatever rottenness he seeks to extirpate, would he not more surely attain a beneficent end? There is no need to send out an alarm of fire before killing a polecat. There is no need to put all confidence and all credit in danger because of a local and limited abuse of confidence and credit. We can deal with our malefactors without meanwhile suspending all other business and pulling down the bulwarks of our prosperity.

It is the province of statesmanship as far as possible to remedy the evils that destroy the welfare of nations, by the adoption of the means at hand to bring about desirable ends. It is better to firmly turn on the law than to rest satisfied with frantically turning on the light as a means of betterment and beatification. The statesmen who most ably have aided in building up this great nation of eighty million people have rendered their greatest service in the laborious and exigent decisions arrived at behind cabinet doors rather than in the limelight. No great people was ever preached into a position of power or prosperity.

Four Years' Growth.

The address of Senator Burrows, the temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention, gave a wealth of figures as to the nation's growth in the last four years which is worth considering. He said: Since the last convention population has increased from 81,500,000 to 87,500,000, while 4,000,000 immigrants have found welcome. Our flocks and herds have increased in value from $2,998,000,000 to $4,331,000,000; farm products $5,917,000,000 to $7,412,000,000; coal 314,000,000 to 420,000,000 tons; gold product from $74,000,000 to $90,000,000; savings bank accumulations from $2,815,000,000 to $3,495,000,000; deposits in all banks from $9,558,000,000 to $13,000,000,000; 2,000,000 cotton spindles were added, and domestic cotton used rose from 3,924,000 to over 5,000,000 bales; imports of raw silk increased from 15,000,000 to nearly 19,000,000 pounds; in spite of disquieting conditions of rate regulation, 20,000 miles of rails have been added, tonnage through the Soo canal increased from 20,000,000 to 44,000,000; pig iron from 16,000,000 to 25,781,000 tons; our exports of manufactures from $468,000,000 to $740,000,000.

G. A. R.

The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will this year be held in Toledo, Ohio, August 31 to Sept 5th. There are a number of veterans from this city who are planning to go. The arrangements for the Grand Army of this State are in charge of Col. Philip S. Chase of Providence. The party will assemble at the Union Station Monday, Aug. 31, in season to leave in a special coach attached to the 9.00 a. m. train for Worcester. At the latter place Pullman Palace sleeping cars will be attached to the Chicago special, leaving at 11.40 over the Boston and Albany, New York Central and Lake Shore road for Toledo direct. The party will arrive at Toledo Tuesday at 8 a. m. and headquarters will be made at the Jefferson Hotel. Until Saturday the party will remain at Toledo, attending to the various functions incident to the encampment and will leave there Saturday, Sept. 5, at 8 a. m. for a five-hour sail across Lake Erie and up the picturesque St. Clair River to Detroit. That city will be inspected and at 5 p. m. another sail will be in order, as the party will board one of the crafts of the "D. & B." Line for a 16-hour trip to Buffalo.

Vice President.

When the convention assembled on Friday morning they proceeded at once to the nomination of a Vice President. The result was James S. Sherman of New York had 816 votes on the first ballot and he was made the unanimous nominee. At 12 o'clock the convention adjourned sine die, having completed its business in a manner very satisfactory to the great portion of the Republicans of the country. Congressman Sherman, the nominee for Vice President, has been a member of the House of Representatives since the beginning of the fiftieth Congress, twenty years, and is one of the most prominent of New York's delegation.

New Haven information says railroad circles there regard the suit just filed against the New Haven's holding Boston & Maine stock as involving an entirely different legal question from the "trolley" suit or the current federal prosecution. It is pointed out that the New England Navigation Co., which holds the Boston and Maine stock, is beyond the jurisdiction of Massachusetts in that it is a Connecticut corporation; and, in event of an adverse decision, the suit is practically sure to be appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

Mr. F. Augustus Ward of this city, who is in Peoria, Ill., as a delegate to the National Convention of the Modern Woodmen of America, has been elected Head Sentry of the National organization.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Titus have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hanna and family of New York.

New England Food Fair.

Big Show at Mechanics Building, Boston, Next October will be Replete with Novel Features.

The second annual New England Food Fair and House Furnishing Exposition which is to be held in Mechanics Building, Boston, from October 5 to 31, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Retail Grocers and Provision Dealers Association will, without question, be the most pretentious exposition ever held in this part of the country.

In the first place it will be more than a "food fair." Last year the same people gave the big fair at Mechanics Buildings and it was the consensus of opinion that "It was different" from any food fair of the past. This is what the management had promised in their advertising. They had said that there should be no extra charge to see anything inside the buildings—that there should be no fakes or catch-penny devices—and every promise was kept. Upon this record the management may well "stand pat."

This year they have decided to enlarge their scope. The exposition which will be given at Mechanics Building next October will very narrowly miss being a world's fair. Messrs. Green and Rowe, who are managing the fair for the Massachusetts Retail Grocers and Provision Dealers Association, have secured attractions such as no fair ever given in the past in New England could boast. They have secured from the government of Mexico an exhibit which will be larger than any that government has ever sent to a world's fair. It will occupy the stage of the Grand Hall at Mechanics Building and 14,000 square feet of space. It will include exhibitions of the productions and resources of the 22 states of Mexico and will come with the personal endorsement of President Diaz—Mexico's most famous executive.

In addition, Messrs. Green and Rowe have secured, as the chief musical feature, the Mexican National Band. This is a government organization which has never before been outside of Mexico. It is composed of 97 musicians and is said, by competent critics, to be the finest band in the world. There have been many so-called "Mexican Bands" touring this country but this is the only real national band of Mexico and it has never as yet left its native country.

Following out their policy of last year, to give more for the money than would seem to be possible, Messrs. Green and Rowe have also secured, as a free attractive, Frank C. Bostock's, Earl's Court (London), Animal Arena. Mr. Bostock is known throughout the world as "The Animal King" and his name is sufficient to warrant the excellence of the exhibit.

In Paul Revere Hall, quite appropriately, "Paul Revere's Ride" will be given, as a motion picture—and this too will be a free attraction. This will be the first time that this picture has been shown in colors.

An Absurd Situation.

[Hartford Courant.]

The attitude of Massachusetts towards the New York, New Haven & Hartford road is a continuing puzzle. The failure of the regulation bill through a disagreement of the two houses still leaves the situation undisturbed, but the proposals were so peculiar and the disposition in some quarters is so incomprehensibly stupid that the puzzle still holds the floor. Indeed, it is common belief that the recent surprising move in Washington against the road had its origin in Massachusetts sentiment.

It was seriously proposed in the Legislature at Boston that the state should take possession of shares of the Boston & Maine and vote them "for the best interests of the Commonwealth." It goes without saying that state officials who cast votes contrary to the best interests of their state ought on general principles to be thrown out of their jobs. But that is only incidental to the other proposition—that the state should take possession of shares that individuals have paid for and proceed to vote them. It is a confiscation.

Indeed, it is a question whether the state of Massachusetts has any sort of right to tell a Connecticut corporation what it may do with its own. The whole affair is a mixture. If it were not serious, it would be ludicrous. Massachusetts is trying to dictate to a corporation of another State and the great United States is worrying about the running of an occasional trolley line (presumably at a loss) across a state line. A good many intelligent people think the trolley purchases of the steam road unwise investments. In the final analysis the trolley is the feeder not the rival of the steam line and trolley lines made up of wind and water bought so as to make the sellers rich are not likely to enrich the purchasers.

Trolley Trips.

The new trolley trip folders issued by the Passenger Department of the Boston & Northern and Old Colony Street Railway Co.'s are out and are very attractive as well as containing a wonderfully large amount of information of value to those who in ever increasing numbers are finding the trolleys serve them not only for business but for pleasure.

This year the two folders formerly issued by the two companies are combined in one. Routes are given which show very plainly the distances, fares and running time on various trips, just where to take cars to start and where to change cars. On the part devoted to the Boston and Northern Company 132 points are given, not only on this company's lines but on connecting lines as well, while there are 117 points on the Old Colony system carrying out the same idea. Practically the whole of eastern New England is covered in this way.

Upon the inside of these folders appears a four-color map showing all trolley lines east of Worcester in Massachusetts, southern New Hampshire and northern Rhode Island, one of the most complete and accurate trolley maps published.

The folder also contains three pages of interesting points to be reached upon the lines of these companies.

Copies of these new folders, or any other information of help to trolley riders will be sent entirely free upon application at the office of the Passenger Department at 309 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Packing houses in Kansas City are under water so they have increased the price of meat three cents a pound.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted 1908 by W. T. Foster.

Washington, D. C., June 20, 1908.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent June 11 to 21, warm wave 10 to 20, cool wave 19 to 23. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about June 21, cross Pacific slope by close of 22, great central valleys 23 to 25, eastern states 26. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 21, great central valleys 23, eastern states 25. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about June 24, great central valleys 26, eastern states 28.

This will be one of the most notable disturbances of the month. It will be of greater than usual force on the Pacific coast not far from June 21 and will continue, not as a great storm, but of more than usual force till about June 23, when, soon after passing east of meridian 90, its force will increase till about June 29, when it will be on north Pacific on or near the steamship routes about which place and time it will be a very dangerous storm.

Last disturbance of June will reach Pacific coast about 27, cross Pacific slope by close of 28, great central valleys 29 to July 1, eastern states 2. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 27, great central valleys 29 eastern states July 1. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about June 30, great central valleys July 2, eastern states 4.

This disturbance will cause extremes of weather and radical weather features during its entire passage across this continent. I cannot now give its path, but advise all to be on the alert for its coming. Great destruction of life and property has come during this month as predicted in these bulletins and my warnings have been of value. I regret that I could not give the exact dates and locations where these dangerous storms are to strike.

Next bulletin will give general forecasts of July crop weather. I am expecting damage to crops by drouth in the southwest and central west.

Religious Denominations.

According to the census of Rhode Island for 1905 the total population of the state is 480,082. This is divided religiously as follows:

Catholics	243,838
Episcopalians	46,179
Baptists	41,338
Methodists	21,890
Congregationalists	21,058
Jews	9,598
All other denominations	35,889
Protestants not specified as to denominations	61,209

By which it will be seen that the Catholic religion very largely predominates in the State and more over its membership is rapidly growing.

Five big freight steamships of the White Star Line will be withdrawn from service between New York and Liverpool because they cannot make the business of transporting American foodstuffs profitable. An official of the White Star Line said that the steamships would be retired until there was a change in American railroad freight rates. The Canadian railroads, charging less than the American for the transportation of grain to the seaboard, naturally were getting the business, which went to Montreal.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JUNE 1908. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve.
20 Sat	4 25	7 24	rises	12 02	12 [illegible]
21 Sun	4 [illegible]	7 [illegible]	9 28	1 05	1 [illegible]
22 Mon	4 [illegible]	7 [illegible]	10 [illegible]	2 07	2 30
23 Tues	4 [illegible]	7 35	11 21	3 07	3 [illegible]
24 Wed	4 [illegible]	7 35	11 52	4 [illegible]	4 [illegible]
25 Thurs	4 [illegible]	7 [illegible]	[illegible]	4 45	[illegible] 15
26 Fri	4 30	7 [illegible]	[illegible] 55	5 45	[illegible]

First Quarter, 6th day, 11h. 30m., evening.
Full Moon, 14th day, 6h. 59m., morning.
Last Quarter, 22d day, 0h. 11m., evening.
New Moon, 28th day, 11 h. 31 m., morning.

Two Real Estate Opportunities

SMALL COTTAGE FOR SALE IN FIFTH WARD.

This is an excellent cottage, containing Parlor, Dining-room, Kitchen and Pantry, 5 Bedrooms, Bath, &c., Hot water heater, set tubs. Price $3,500. A most desirable home for a gardener or a valet having work in the southern part of the Island.

Farm of 12 Acres For Sale.

This farm is on the West Main Road in Portsmouth. It contains a good 8-room cottage, barn and outbuildings. Remarkably cheap, $5,000.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
132 Bellevue Avenue. Telephone 520.

Deaths.

In this city, 18th inst., at his residence, Wellington avenue, James Leary, aged 50 years.

In this city, 15th inst., at her residence, 72 Levin street, Mary E. G., wife of Jeremiah A. Corcoran.

In this city, 18th inst., at the residence of his parents, 10 Fir street, Michael Joseph, son of Edward and Mary O'Hara.

In this city, 18th inst., at the residence of her son, Mr. Arthur S. Williams, 161 Broadway, Marian C., widow of Thomas Williams, aged 78 years.

The 17th inst., Catherine R., daughter of Johanna and the late Thomas Tracy, aged 26 years and 6 months.

In Yale, Mich., Sunday, June 7, Miss Catherine Calhoun, formerly of this city.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

BY UNANIMOUS VOTE

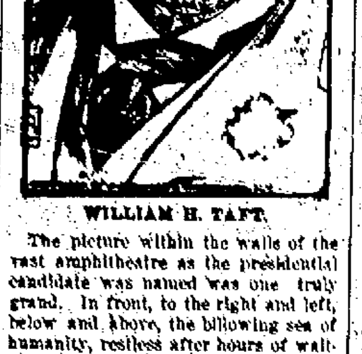
Taft Is Choice of the Republican Party For President

IS NAMED ON FIRST BALLOT

Received Over Seven Hundred Votes, His Closest Competitor Being Knox, With Sixty-Eight—Nomination Made Unanimous by Representatives of Defeated Candidates—Three Votes Cast For Roosevelt, For Whom Another Great Demonstration Occurs—Platform Is Adopted After Long Wrangle—Active Propaganda In the Interest of Sherman For Vice President

Chicago, June 19.—For President of the United States, William H. Taft of Ohio. Taft on the first ballot; Taft by 702 Votes; Taft by unanimous choice of the convention.

Such is the record of the culminating day of the Republican national convention of 1908, effected amid scenes of tumultuous enthusiasm and after a nerve-racking continuous session lasting nearly eight hours. With president named and platform enunciated, there remains only the nomination for vice president to complete this momentous work. Last night the whole city was given over to wild exultation in honor of the new candidate whose name goes echoing through the country.



WILLIAM H. TAFT.

The picture within the walls of the vast amphitheatre as the presidential candidate was named was one truly grand. In front, to the right and left, below and above, the billowing sea of humanity, restless after hours of waiting and stirred from one emotion to another, was in a fever of expectancy for the culminating vote. The favorite sons of other states had been named, save Knox and La Follette, and now on the rollcall came Ohio.

As the Buckeye state was reached the tall, gaunt form of Theodore E. Burton, with student-like face and severe black clerical garb, advanced to the platform to nominate Ohio's candidate. He spoke fervently, with the singing voice of an evangelist, which went ringing through the great building.

Great Taft Demonstration

The close of his speech of nomination was the signal for loosing the long pent-up feeling of the Taft legions. Instantly the Ohio delegates were on their feet, other Taft states following, while the convention hosts in gallery and on floor broke into a mad demonstration. "Taft, Taft, W. H. Taft," came in a roar from the Ohioans.

Megaphones seemed to spring from concealed places and swell the Taft tumult into thunder. A huge blue silk banner, bearing the familiar features of the statesman-secretary, was swung before the delegates, awakening a fresh whirlwind of enthusiasm.

All semblance of order had been abandoned and the delegates' arena was a maelstrom of gesticulating men; the guidons of the states were snatched up by the Taft enthusiasts or borne under by the storm of disorder. The band was inaudible, a mere whisper above the deafening volume of sound. For ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, this uproar continued. It was a repetition of the scene of Wednesday when the name of Roosevelt threw the convention into a frenzy, repeated in intensity and almost in duration.

But there is a limit to the physical resources of throats and lungs. Relays had not been established and at last the tired voices died down to a hoarse shout and at last subsided.

This lull now gave the opportunity for a speech seconding Taft's nomination by George H. Knight of California, whose big, round face beamed forth on the sympathetic multitude, and whose splendid baritone voice welled forth like the tones of a great church organ. California's tribute to Taft was brief and fervid.

Ready For Balloting

Now there was another lull in the Taft movement, while the remaining candidates were placed in nomination. It was late in the afternoon before the convention, now literally sweltering from the intense heat and weary after nearly seven hours of continuous session, reached the end of the flood of eloquence and the decks were at last clear for the decisive act, the balloting.

But just as the last oratory, the seconding speech for La Follette, had died away, like a cyclone from a clear sky burst a La Follette demonstration which swept the convention from its very bearings. It was the same deafening wave of sound that had greeted Roosevelt Wednesday and Taft a little while before, intense and maddening, and with the vital ring of genuine enthusiasm. It seemed as though Wisconsin had suddenly peopled every foot of the galleries. The delegates sat calm and waiting, except the frantic Wisconsin men, but the convention for the time being was in the possession of the galleries.

Now a singular transformation occurred. Gradually the whirlwind veered from La Follette to Roosevelt. A banner bearing the Roosevelt portrait and waved from the gallery was the signal for the change, but in the confused babel of voices there was no distinguishing where the La Follette cheers ended and those for Roosevelt began.

Amid this pandemonium and with the galleries in full control, Chairman Lodge decided upon heroic action to again make the convention master of its affairs. He ordered the rollcall of states to begin for the vote on president. Such a call, under such circumstances of intense confusion, has probably never before occurred in the history of national conventions.

Cheers For Man Not a Candidate

The secretary was powerless to make his call, of the states heard above the deafening clamor. Seizing a megaphone, he shouted the roll of states—Alabama, Arkansas—but his voice was swallowed up in the mad uproar. Gradually, however, the curiosity of the multitude conquered their enthusiasm and they lapsed into silence to hear the rollcall.

A ballot was taken to nominate a candidate for president while the convention was cheering frantically for a man whose name had not been presented to the convention. The votes were being counted for Taft while the people were shouting for Roosevelt. The delegates, however, cast their votes uninfluenced by the clamor of the crowd. More than this, the first states on the call, Alabama and Arkansas, had been relied upon by a few Roosevelt enthusiasts to start the stampede for the president, but they held by their instructions, while the stampede raged all about them.

A hush of expectancy hung over the assembly as the call proceeded. Hasty summaries showed that Taft was far in advance. When New York was reached the Taft column totalled 427. Ohio carried the Taft total to 511, or 20 more than enough to nominate. Still the call went on until the final result was announced by Chairman Lodge.

Announcement of the Vote

"For Theodore Roosevelt, 3 votes; for Joseph B. Foraker of Ohio, 16 votes; for Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana, 40 votes; for Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois, 61 votes; for Robert La Follette of Wisconsin, 25 votes; for Charles E. Hughes of New York, 63 votes; for Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania, 68 votes, and for William H. Taft of Ohio, 702 votes."

A great shout went up as Lodge concluded his announcement, and with one accord the cohorts of Cannon and Knox and Hughes and the other heroes joined in a common tribute for the candidate of the party.

Stewart L. Woodford, for Governor Hughes, leaping upon a chair, moved to make the nomination of Taft unanimous; Senator Penrose for Knox, Congressman Boutell for Cannon, and Henry of Georgia for Foraker, and Wisconsin for La Follette, seconded the movement for a unanimous vote to the candidate. The vote was given with a ringing cheer, and then, with shouts of exultation over the new candidate, the convention adjourned until today, when the nomination of vice president will be made.

The Platform Fight

Earlier in the day the battle over the platform had occupied the close attention of delegates and spectators. The platform as framed by the committee on resolutions was read by its chairman, Senator Hopkins of Illinois, while a minority report reflecting the views of the supporters of Senator La Follette was presented by Congressman Cooper of Wisconsin. It was on one hand the sledge hammer blows of Wisconsin men against combinations and monopoly, and on the other hand the warning of Hopkins against the "socialistic doctrines of Wisconsin." The platform was adopted by an overwhelming vote, after many separate planks in the Wisconsin plan had been buried under adverse votes.

The Platform

The platform as adopted declares President Roosevelt's administration an epoch in American history. He has bravely and impartially enforced the laws.

Declares unfaltering adherence to Roosevelt policies and pledges a continuance of them.

Equality of opportunity to all in the development and enjoyment of wealth.

Commends the passage of the emergency currency bill.

Declares for revision of the tariff immediately after the inauguration of the next president, maximum and minimum rate and the true principle of protection to rule.

Commits the party to the development of a permanent currency system, every dollar to be based upon and be as good as gold.

Liberalization of the Sherman anti-trust law is urged.

Enactment of the railroad rate law is approved and congress praised for appropriating money for the better enforcement of the law.

Legislation favored that will prevent future over-issue of stocks and bonds by interstate carriers.

Pledges the Republican party to continued devotion to every cause that makes for safety and betterment of labor conditions and induces the greater happiness, well being and better citizenship of laboring men.

Authority and integrity of the courts is upheld, but belief is expressed that the issuance of the writ of injunction should be more accurately defined by statute, and no injunction, temporary or by restraining order, be issued without notice, except where irreparable injury would result from delay.

Equal justice to the rights of the ne-

CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.

BY UNANIMOUS VOTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOUR

...gro assertion, and all devices that have as their object the disenfranchisement of the negro are condemned, and the enforcement in letter and spirit of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution is urged.

Favors giving inhabitants of Porto Rico citizenship of the United States.

Immediate admission of New Mexico and Arizona as separate states in the Union recommended.

Declares that the differences between the Democracy and Republicans is fundamental and that the Democrats are incapable of government.

Candidates Nominated

It was not until four hours had been spent over the platform that the convention was ready to proceed with the nomination speeches for president. First came the nomination of Speaker Cannon by Representative Boutell of Illinois, seconded by Representative Fordney of Michigan, which awakened a welcoming yell for the "grand old man" of Illinois.

The nominating speech for Vice President Fairbanks by Governor Hanly of Indiana was made amid intense confusion and constant interruption. Smarting under these discourtesies toward the governor, Mayor Bookwalter of Indianapolis began his speech seconding the nomination of Fairbanks with a cutting allusion to the "steam roller" which was crushing out all opposition.

The convention gave enthusiastic welcome to the name of Hughes, as General Woodford presented the governor's candidacy in fervent words.

The name of Senator Foraker was placed in nomination by Judge McCoy of Ohio and seconded by a negro delegate from Georgia, W. O. Emery, the latter winning a true ovation as he closed the splendid tribute to Foraker in the name of two million black voters.

The call of Pennsylvania brought the Keystone delegation to their feet in a wild demonstration for Senator Knox and a little later Wisconsin followed with its enthusiastic tribute to Wisconsin's candidate, Senator La Follette. The speeches concluded, the time for balloting arrived, with the results already given.

SHERMAN LOOMS UP

New Yorkers Want Him Named as Taft's Running Mate

The presidential candidate will be permitted to name his running mate if he so desires. No sooner had the convention adjourned than Taft's supporters set to work to ascertain his wishes regarding a candidate for the vice presidency. They wired him direct and, pending his reply, refused to voice any opinion as to the probable outcome of the ballot. As the rule the Taft men manifest a willingness to abide by the secretary's wishes, but there are those among them who take the position that the delegates should be permitted to cast their votes according to their own desires.

CONGRESSMAN SHERMAN OF NEW YORK.

For the first time there is an active propaganda in the interest of Congressman Sherman of New York. It is stated positively that he will have the support of the entire delegation from his own state, and it is stated by Chairman Woodruff that he will get Oklahoma solid and that he will have the votes from many other states, especially Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Colorado and many of the New England and other states.

New York to the Fore

New York state restored herself last night to the convention map, her position on which had previously been obscured by lack of harmony in the delegation. In a caucus it was unanimously voted to back with the whole state strength of seventy-eight votes the candidacy of Sherman. In accepting the caucus instructions to present Sherman's name in the convention, Chairman Woodruff said that if desired by New York, Colorado would therefore give way on the rollcall to New York, in order to get Sherman's name early before the delegation, that he had official assurances also of the support of a number of other states, especially including Michigan, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Maine, Iowa and Idaho.

The men in the delegation who have been working since they arrived here, first to secure the undivided support of the delegates for the presidential candidacy of Governor Hughes, and then for a unanimous vote for Sherman, who has at all times been the personal choice of a majority of the delegation, failed in the first, but brilliantly succeeded in the second. The Hughes men were among the most enthusiastic in their support of Sherman in the caucus.

Iowa For Cummins

The Iowa delegation in caucus last night finally went on record for Governor Cummins as their candidate for Taft's running mate. The vote was unanimous. The firm stand taken by a majority of the delegation against Dolliver because of the political situation in Iowa, and Dolliver's own announcement that he did not desire the nomination, necessitated the meeting in order that a candidate might be determined on. Having in mind the understood preference of the administration for Governor Cummins, his name was fully discussed. In the event that Dolliver's name is presented by any other state, it is stated that the delegation has full authority to withdraw it.

Will Present Guild's Name

A number of the Massachusetts men sought out the other New England delegations, urging concerted action in behalf of Guild. They met with some encouragement, but it is understood no actual promises were given. None of the New England states held meetings last night, although it was said that some of the states would seek to agree upon a candidate today.

There is no intimation but that Massachusetts will present Governor Guild's name to the convention. Senator Lodge is slated to make the nominating speech and a member of the Michigan delegation, among whom Guild is popular, will second the nomination.

New Hampshire sentiment seems to tend toward Fairbanks, although none of the delegates will give any direct preference.

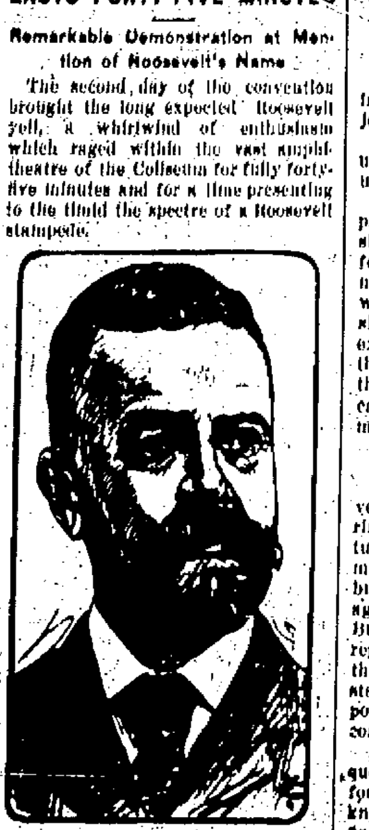
It is said that Vermont will vote for Sherman of New York.

Rhode Island is also inclined to favor a New York man for second place, and the consensus of opinion among the Connecticut party is in a similar vein.

LASTS FORTY-FIVE MINUTES

Remarkable Demonstration at Mention of Roosevelt's Name

The second day of the convention brought the long expected Roosevelt yell, a whirlwind of enthusiasm which raged within the vast amphitheatre of the Coliseum for fully forty-five minutes and for a time presenting to the timid the spectre of a Roosevelt stampede.



HENRY CABOT LODGE.

ing doubt of the Taft strength it disappeared before this decisive action, which in effect placed upwards of 700 delegates in the Taft column.

Next in importance and most remarkable was the final acceptance of this result by the "allies" without the formality of a dissenting minority report and without carrying the question to the floor of the convention for the open fight which had been long threatened.

Enthusiasm Breaks Loose

The presentation of the report on permanent organization was the signal for Senator Burrows to yield his place as temporary chairman and to escort to the platform Senator Lodge of Massachusetts.

"The fevered fancy of an uneasy dream" was his indictment hurled at the visionary policies of opposition parties. The applause had hardly died away when Lodge launched his sentence which electrified the assemblage into its first real demonstration of wild enthusiasm.

"The president," exclaimed Lodge, "is the most abused and most popular man in the United States today." This was the long awaited signal. Instantly a shout broke from the galleries and was echoed back from the floor, at first only a tempest of detached yells and catcalls and shouts of "Teddy," but gradually gathering force and volume until it swelled to a whirlwind of sound and motion as delegates and spectators arose en masse, mounting chairs, waving banners, hats, handkerchiefs, flags, newspapers, anything which could be seized upon to add turbulence to the scene.

Amid the tumult the band struck up, but the crash of the brasses and drums was completely lost in the babel of sound which welled up from 14,000 throats.

"Four, Four, Four Years More"

For the first minute, Lodge stood waiting to proceed, occasionally raising his hand for silence, only to awaken a defiant yell twice louder than before. Five minutes passed, and instead of abating, the uproar was increasing. The sergeant-at-arms moved up a chair for the presiding officer, and Lodge sank back to await a lull in the storm.

This demonstration was decidedly the feature of a day otherwise notable by a stirring speech from Permanent Chairman Lodge, for much practical procedure in placing the convention on a smooth running basis, and for the final defeat of the plan to reduce the representation of southern states at future national conventions.

Probably the most important act of the day was the adoption of the report of the committee on credentials, seating the Taft delegations practically in toto. If there had been any linger-

Five minutes—ten minutes—fifteen minutes. There was no lull; no abatement. A hoarse roar had taken the place of the detached yells. "Four, four, four years more," came in a deafening chorus from the full sweep of the gallery, as if preconcerted, each "four, four," exploding like a boom of heavy artillery.

Fifteen minutes—twenty minutes—twenty-five minutes. New delegates were joining in the outbreak. Some had mounted chairs and were gesticulating madly. One delegate far to the left had torn off his coat and was whipping it wildly about his head. Texas and Kentucky appeared to be the centre of the agitation on the floor. New York viewed the storm with calm and so did Ohio, except, strangely, one of the lonesome Foraker delegates, Judge Shoup, who, mounted on a chair, kept both arms in motion with a waving flag and a newspaper and his voice joining in the general pandemonium.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Thirty minutes—thirty-five minutes—forty minutes—forty-five minutes.

A full three-quarters of an hour had passed in this bewildering confusion of sight and sound. For a time fear was felt by some that a stampede was imminent. But the political generals were glad to give the pent-up enthusiasm of the multitude this outlet of expression; and at no time was there the slightest apprehension among them that the well-devised plans would miscarry through some overpowering movement.

A Decidedly Close Contest

With the subsidence of the Roosevelt storm, Lodge completed his stirring speech, and then the convention turned to the reports of the other committees. That on rules and order of business brought a majority report against the resolution offered by Mr. Burke of Pennsylvania reducing the representation of states to a basis of the Republican vote cast by those states. Burke presented a minority report in which seventeen of the states concurred.

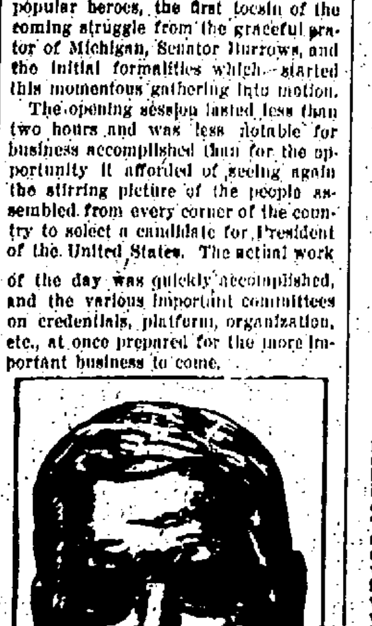
A sharp contest occurred on this question, bringing for the first time before the convention some of its best known orators. The resolution was finally defeated, by the close vote of 506 against 471, a margin of 17 votes in a total of 977, three delegates being absent. The change of a single state might have altered the entire result. Although defeated, Burke said the result had shown a tremendous growth of sentiment in favor of this restricted representation, and that in his opinion the future success of the plan appeared beyond doubt.

A SHORT OPENING SESSION

Senator Burrows Takes Gavel as Temporary Chairman

Amid scenes of stirring enthusiasm, the Republican national convention of 1908 began its deliberations at Chicago in the presence of an assemblage estimated at upward of fourteen thousand people, with the sounds of patriotic airs alternating with the frenzied shouts for Roosevelt, Taft and other popular heroes, the first tocsin of the coming struggle from the graceful orator of Michigan, Senator Burrows, and the initial formalities which started this momentous gathering into motion.

The opening session lasted less than two hours and was less notable for business accomplished than for the opportunity it afforded of seeing again the stirring picture of the people assembled from every corner of the country to select a candidate for President of the United States. The actual work of the day was quickly accomplished, and the various important committees on credentials, platform, organization, etc., at once prepared for the more important business to come.



JULIUS C. BURROWS.

The scenes when the vast assemblage was called to order was one of impressive dignity, of animation and of color. In the central arena sat the delegates, almost one thousand strong, and back of them their alternates, another thousand in number, with the standards of the states rising here and there above the turbulent sea of heads.

Scenes in Convention Hall

Around this central mass of delegates and alternates swept the long lines of spectators in rising tiers and in solid masses, men and women, the latter in gay-hued summer gowns and with fluttering fans and waving handkerchiefs. Higher up another gallery made the entire circle of the vast enclosure. Above this ever-moving kaleidoscopic scene bent the huge semi-circular roof, its steel girders looped with bunting and ablaze with electric devices, while on every side the national colors were woven into sunbursts, shields and patriotic symbols. In front of the delegates stretched the mammoth platform, 200 feet square and accommodating 1800 distinguished guests, including ambassadors and ministers from foreign states, besides the officers of the convention and members of the national committee.

Just as the opening hour arrived, the Ohio delegation swung down the middle aisle, bearing aloft the blue silken banner with the portrait of Ohio's candidate.

"Taft, Taft!" went up from a thousand throats as the face of the secretary-candidate was borne to the front. Cheer after cheer echoed from floor to gallery and back again, and for a time Chairman New was unable to proceed with the opening formalities. Again Wisconsin stirred the echoes with a real college yell which resounded through the building and exploded with a final "Rah-rah-rah-Wisconsin," closing it all with the cry of La Follette."

"Roosevelt" Starts Cheers

It was not until 12:18 that Chairman New stilled the tumult and with brief formalities introduced the temporary presiding officer of the convention, Senator Burrows. The venerable senator stepped forward with a ponderous roll of manuscript in his hand. Slowly the buzz of confusion died away and he began to speak. His first words were barely audible five feet away. Gradually he warmed to his subject, for he told of the glories of the party he had served so long, and the well rounded sentences carried to the remotest corners, hammered in here and there by an expressive gesture. But it was not a speech calculated to set the blood tingling. It dealt with the party's record and achievements.

Not until the senator made the first mention of "Roosevelt" did the words seem to start the assemblage as by a magic thrill. Instantly the speech was drowned in a great shout, which went up from every side as delegates sprang to their feet, waved their hats, echoing back the tumult of the galleries,

Taft and Root Remembered

For a moment it seemed as though one of those record-breaking uproars of the days of Blaine and McKinley would sweep the convention from its moorings. But the first outburst spent itself within a minute; gradually it subsided until calm came again, and soon the orator was proceeding with the record of the party's achievements. Every succeeding mention of the president's name brought another wave of enthusiastic tribute. The names of Taft and Root also sent the cheers ringing from gallery to gallery.

But those whirlwinds of noisy demonstration which have fairly carried some conventions off their feet did not occur. Beside the names of the popular idols, the speaker awakened a stir of enthusiasm for the navy, the "man behind the gun," the continued occupation of the Philippines, and a tariff revision which would give "just and adequate protection to American industry. These policies appeared to appeal strongly to the assemblage, but the greatest enthusiasm on a question of policy came when he delivered his fervid apotheosis to the American Judiciary as the great conservative bulwark of the country.

Vitriol Thrower Sentenced

A sentence of not less than ten nor more than twelve years in state prison was imposed upon George D. Mudge of Lynn, Mass., who threw vitriol in his wife's face during a quarrel. Mrs. Mudge lost the sight of one eye and her head and shoulders were badly burned.

INSTANT RELIEF OF ITCHING HUMOR

Limbs Below the Knees Were Raw—Feet Too Swollen to Get Shoes On—Sleep Completely Broken by Intense Itching and Burning—Well in Two Days and Says That

CUTICURA IS AMONG HIS HOUSEHOLD GODS

"God bless the man who first compounded Cuticura. Some two months ago I had a humor break out on my limbs below my knees. They came to look like raw beefsteak, all red, and no one knows how they itched and burned. They were so swollen that I had to split my drawers open to get them on and could not get my shoes on for a week or more. I used five or six different remedies and got no help, only when applying them the burning was worse and the itching less. One morning I remembered that I had a bit of Cuticura and tried it. From the moment it touched me the itching was gone and I have not felt a bit of it since. The swelling went down and in two days I had my shoes on and was about as usual. I only wish I had used the Cuticura Remedies in the first of my troubles. They would have saved me two or three weeks of intense suffering. During that time I did not sleep an hour at a time, but was up applying such remedies as I had. Henceforth the Cuticura Remedies will be among my household gods, rest assured. George B. Farley, 50 South State St., Concord, N. H., May 14, 1907."

FOR BABY RASHES

Eczemas and Irritations, Cuticura is Worth its Weight in Gold.

The suffering which Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have alleviated among the young, and the comfort they have afforded worn-out and worried parents, have led to their adoption in countless homes as priceless for the skin and scalp. Infantile and birth humors, scalled-head, eczemas, rashes, itchings, chafings, and every form of itching, scaly, pimply skin and scalp humors, with loss of hair, are speedily, permanently and economically cured.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults, consists of Cuticura Soap [illegible] to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment [illegible] to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura [illegible] (or in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, [illegible]) to Purify the Blood. [illegible] Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

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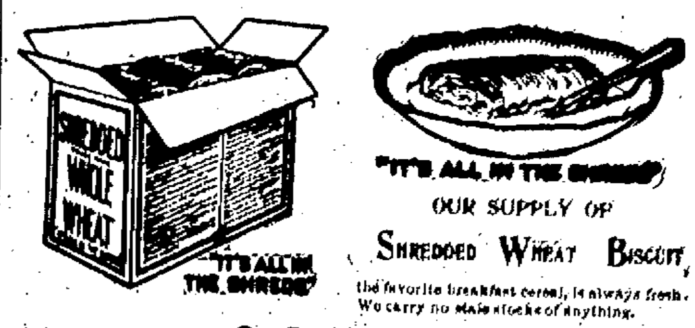

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The College of the Future.

The college chapel was thronged with admiring parents and friends who had come to witness the commencement exercises. Amid an expectant hush the venerable president arose and summoned the graduates to receive their hard-earned diplomas.

The sturdy football team were awarded the coveted sheepskins, while the wall echoed with the applause and cheers. The lithe track athletes in running attire received their well-merited degrees, and the Varsity crew, oars in hand, gracefully accepted their honors.

As the exercises were concluding and the orchestra about to play, a member of the faculty stepped reluctantly forward and touched the president's arm, whispering in his ear at the same time. In apparent annoyance the dignitary turned to the audience:

"Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen, but I have made a slight omission. I understand that one student should receive the degree of bachelor of arts. Will he kindly step forward as quickly as possible?"

A shrinking young man stepped forward apologetically, a diploma was thrust in his hand, and he was haughtily waved aside, while the orchestra struck up a two-step.—June Lippincott's.

Concealing Coloration.

What is announced as new light on an old subject, "The Concealing Coloration of Animals," will be discussed in the June Century by Gerald H. Thayer, based on the investigations of the artist, Abbott H. Thayer. It is claimed in this article that two main results have been reached by these investigations: "First, the revelation of the great principle of counteracted light and shade, with its corollary laws, by which almost alone the long recognized 'protective coloration' of animals is achieved; and, second, the discovery that most of the colorations which have always been called 'conspicuous,' are purely and potently concealing." There will be a number of reproductions from paintings and photographs illustrating the points discussed.

Mr. Green's Waterloo.

Mr. Green had been paying $4 a week for board. His appetite constantly increased. Finally his landlady saw that she must either sell out and quit or raise her boarder's rate. One day after watching him feverishly devouring plateful after plateful she plucked up courage and said:

"Mr. Green, I shall have to raise your board to $8."

Mr. Green looked up with a start, then in a tone of consternation said:

"Oh, Mrs. Small, don't! It's as much as I can do now to eat $4 worth."—Woman's Home Companion.

Curbstone Philosophy.

It is easier to hit a lion than a hare.

A bird in the hand catches no worms.

An iron will needs analyzing. It may be pig iron.

Even the Kohinoor had to be cut and polished.

The fresh consider themselves the salt of the earth.

Take care of the pennies and somebody else will take care of the dollars.

No man was ever truly wise. Even Solomon took more than one wife.

The world is usually willing to step aside for a man who knows where he is going.—Success Magazine.

For three weeks a husband had borne all the horrors of spring cleaning without a murmur. Then his patience gave way and he became violent in his language.

"Ah, this is dreadful!" said his wife, sobbingly. "You used to tell me I was your queen."

"Yes," rejoined her spouse, "but when a man finds that his queen has used his best tobacco jar for pale oak varnish and his meerschaum pipe for a tack hammer he begins to grasp the advantages of a republic."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The most forgetful man has been found. He lives in a little town in the upper part of York county. He fell ill with symptoms indicating appendicitis and submitted to an operation. To their great surprise and embarrassment the surgeons found that the appendix had already been removed. The patient afforded the necessary explanation when he recovered from the ether by stating that he remembered then, "come to think of it," that he had been through a similar operation two years ago.—Kennebec Journal.

The editor of an agricultural paper was grumbling about a puzzling question he had received from a city man who had recently removed to the country. The inquiry was this: "Will you kindly tell how long cows should be milked?"

The office boy, passing near, heard his superior repeating the question aloud. "'Scuse me, boss," he said; "but w'y don't yer tell him jes' de same as short cows?"—Judge.

Tommy Subbubs—I saw a rabbit out in the woods yesterday. That's a sign we're goin' to get lots of Easter eggs.

Willie Naybor—Aw! rabbits don't lay Easter eggs.

Tommy Subbubs—Well, where do they come from, then?

Willie Naybor—Why—er—I think Easter Kringle brings 'em.—Philadelphia Press.

Wife of distinguished artist (to departing visitor on show Sunday, who has been eating sumptuously for the last half hour). "Good-bye. So nice of you to have come. I hope you liked the pictures?"

Visitor—Pictures? There! I knew there was something I'd forgotten!—Punch.

Miss Cunning—"Why don't you propose to her by telephone, then?"

Mr. Timmley (timid)—"Maybe she wouldn't know who I was."

Miss Cunning—"Exactly: that might help your chances."—Philadelphia Press.

"Mamma, the scenery around must be very ill used."

"Scenery ill used, my child! What do you mean?"

"This book on Alpine climbing says, 'A terrible abyss yawned before them.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Algy—Have you seen the wedding gifts, old man?

Freddy—No, not yet.

Algy—Well, wait a moment. I'll get one of the detectives to escort you through.—Life.

Ready to Open an Account.

"Please write your name on that line," said the bankteller pushing a book and a pen toward the old woman.

"Do yez want me to sign me that name?" she asked, as she took the pen.

"Yes, your full name and middle initial, if you have any."

"Do yez want the husband's name?"

"Yes, his last name, but your own first name."

"Oh, me name before I was married?"

"No, your given name—Ellen, or Bridget?"

"Sure, but me name is naythur wan o' thim."

"Well, what is it, then?"

"Sure, its Mary."

"Very well. There are others waiting in the line, so please hurry and write your name."

"Wan minute. Do yez want the 'Mrs.'?"

"No, never mind that. Now, go ahead."

"Sure, I'd do that, honest, I would; but you see, sor, I can't write!"—Success.

Pennsylvania's Grasshopper Year.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)

"The Grasshopper Level" on the Pennsylvania Railroad is within four miles of Lancaster, and derived its name from this circumstance: The grasshoppers one season were so numerous as to destroy the crops, and it is said the fence rails were worn smooth by the insects crossing from one side to the other in searching for green pastures. During that season the pests were so thick on the rails in the vicinity mentioned that the engines with their trains were stalled, so that to make any progress it became necessary to have men precede the trains and pour sand on the tracks. This suggested carrying the sand in boxes, and next putting the boxes astride of the locomotive, and then adding rods which were placed under the control of engineers and firemen.

An Indifferent Wife.

Jack Abernethey, the Rough Rider, can catch a wolf alive by grabbing its lower jaw with his bare hands.

Mr. Abernethey, on his last visit here, was asked by a reporter for his opinion on a certain political question.

"I can't give you an opinion on that question," the Rough Rider replied, "because it's a question I pay no attention to. I am indifferent to it as indifferent as the backwoods-man's wife.

"That lady, you know, looked on while her husband had a fierce hand-to-hand tussle with a bear, and afterward she said it was 'the only fight she ever saw where she didn't care who won.'"—Washington Star.

A Poser.

A noted clergyman was in his study writing when his little five-year-old daughter walked in and asked:

"What are you writing, papa?"

"I am writing a sermon, daughter," replied the clergyman.

"How do you know what to write, papa?"

"God tells me what to write, daughter."

After watching her father a few minutes the daughter said:

"Papa, if God tells you what to write why do you scratch out some of it?"

"The cook says they ain't nobody in the kitchen named William Thomas," reported a new bell boy at a fashionable hotel in San Francisco.

"Well, who said there was?" retorted the clerk. "I told you to take that telegram to William Thomas, the toastmaster."

"Well, I seen that man what makes toast. He's got a French name."

"Take the telegram into the white and gold room and give it to William Thomas, who's presiding at the D. K. E. banquet."—Los Angeles Times.

Tipping is admitted to be a bad habit, but it is firmly established. A young fellow who took his best girl to supper felt that he must conform to custom, and handed out his coin with liberality, so that no one in the restaurant was overlooked. After they had been swung through the revolving door she said:

"Did you give that man at the door anything?"

"No. Why?"

"He ought to have had the most. He let us out."—St. Louis Republic.

"What makes you think our candidate is not popular with the masses?" inquired one political promoter.

"Because," answered the other, "no one makes fun of his whiskers or calls him by his first name."—Washington Star.

Patience—Which is your gift to the bride, dear?

Patrice—I don't know. There are eight butter knives, and for the life of me I can't tell which is the one I sent.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Biggins is going abroad."

"Is he?" said the man of languid interest.

"He should have something to tell when he returns."

"Perhaps. But the chances are he will do what everybody else does—merely praise the scenery and abuse the hotels."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Lazenbee—Here's the man come to fix our clock. Go upstairs and get it for him, won't you?

Mr. Lazenbee—It isn't upstairs, is it?

Mrs. Lazenbee—Certainly. Where did you think it was?

Mr. Lazenbee—I thought it had run down.—Phila. Press.

Smith (at matrimonial agent's, looking for a wife)—From this picture she appears as a woman with a high temper. Fraid we wouldn't get along together.

Agent—That's all right, sir. With every wife we furnish complete directions for getting along with her.

"Is this a pay-as-you-enter car?" asked the man on the rear platform, who was inclined to be sociable.

"Yes, sir," said the conductor, "and it's an enter-as-you-pay car. Move along, sir. You're blocking the passage."—Chicago Tribune.

Landlady—"You will either have to pay what you owe or leave."

Slowpay—"Thanks. The last place I was at they made me do both."

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A Cold Lunch

The pupils of a distinguished professor of zoology, a man well-known for his eccentricities, noted one day two tidy parcels lying on their instructor's desk as they passed out at the noon hour. On their return to the laboratory for the afternoon lecture, they saw but one. This the professor took carefully up in his hand as he opened his lecture.

"In the study of vertebrata we have taken the frog as a type. Let us now examine the gastrocnemius muscle of this dissected specimen."

So saying, the professor untied the string of his neat parcel and disclosed to view a ham sandwich and a boiled egg.

"But I have eaten my lunch," said the learned man bewilderedly.—June Lippincott's.

A Cynic on Love.

W. E. Grange, author of the "History of Primitive Love," referred in the course of a lecture in Boston to the modern cynical view of love that prevails.

"I remember once," said Prof. Grange, "hearing two very ordinary men, a bricklayer and a plumber, discuss love in a smoking car.

"I hold," said the brick-layer, "that if you are terribly in love, the way to cure yourself is to run away."

"The plumber shook his head and sneered.

"That will cure," he said, "provided you run away with the girl."

A Home Duty.

Wife—We are founding a home for neglected children.

Husband—Well, you can make a good start with the ones in your own house.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Lawyer—"The defendant in this case is a lazy, worthless fellow, isn't he?"

Witness—"Well, sir, I don't want to do the man any injustice. I won't go so far as to say he's lazy, but if it required any voluntary work on his part to digest his victuals, he would have died of a lack of nourishment fifteen years ago."—Chicago Tribune.

"What's your husband doing now?" asked a neighbor.

"Oh, he's sitting around telling what is going to happen next election," answered the busy woman.

"Then he is a prophet?"

"No, he isn't. So far as the family is concerned he is a dead loss."

"Yes," said the bachelor, "a man may think he's having a high old time at night, but something will surely tell him next morning that he made a fool of himself."

"Yes," replied the long married man, "or somebody."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Eminent Statesman—What are the infernal newspapers saying about me now, Chickey?

Private Secretary—They haven't mentioned your name for a month, Senator.

Eminent Statesman—Blank dash the newspapers!—Chicago Tribune.

Said teacher: "What's a skeleton?"
"I know," said Johnny Goff;
"It's a man that has his insides out,
And has his outsides off."
—Mary G. Rector in Lippincott's.

Mother—My dear, I'm afraid your choice of William as a fiance doesn't quite meet your father's approval.

Daughter—Well, ma, you know dad objects to my bills on principle.—Boston Transcript.

The Writer—Ah, laugh at me if you will, but I will write of you in my journal that which will make you sick!

The Artist—Everything that m'sieur writes makes me sick.—Life.

Slipper is a defaulter, eh?
Deekle—So they say.
Weekle—By George, I always wondered why he said, "Thank you" so pleasantly every time I made a deposit.—May Bohemian.

Mistress—Jane, I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In the future I will take the milk in.

Jane—Twouldn't be no use, mum. He promised never to kiss anybody but me.—Illustrated Bits.

Mrs. Henpeck—I suppose if I were to die to-morrow, you'd marry some other woman immediately.

Mr. Henpeck—Not right away. I'd take a little rest first.

There is no more mischievous pest in society than the man whose attentions are without intention—who comes, and comes, but never courts.—Dorothy Dix.

When Explosives Explode.

A popular notion that explosives will "go off" by any simple method is wrong. Many of the most powerful explosives imaginable may be kicked about, may be set on fire or may be shot out of a gun, and unless the proper agency for exploding them is employed they will not "go off" and will do no damage. The reason for this may be explained by an illustration. Consider a grateful of coal. There is there enough of what we may call explosive energy to throw a 1,000 pound weight through a foot of solid steel—if only it could be liberated. But there can be no explosion without oxygen, and the coal in the grate will not burn faster than the supply of oxygen in the air which reaches it will permit. If the coal could be furnished all at once with enough air to cause its complete burning, it would explode with as great violence as if it were so much dynamite.—St. Nicholas.

The Sun of the Blind.

I have not touched the outline of a star nor the glory of the moon, but I believe that God has set two lights in my mind, the greater to rule by day and the lesser by night, and by them I know that I am able to navigate my life bark, as certain of reaching the haven as he who steers by the North star. Perhaps my sun shines not as yours. The colors that glorify my world, the blue of the sky, the green of the fields, may not correspond exactly with those you delight in, but they are none the less color to me. The sun does not shine for my physical eyes, nor does the lightning flash, nor do the trees turn green in the spring. But they have not therefore ceased to exist any more than the landscape is annihilated when you turn your back on it.—Helen Keller in Century.

HARMONY OF OHIO.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

It is seldom that one city can boast three presidential possibilities at one time, a distinction that belongs to Cincinnati this year. The fact that Cincinnati is in Ohio accounts for it. Ohio is almost as prolific of possible presidents as it is of buckeyes. It not only has a crop of its own, but when other states want to support the luxury of a favorite son they are often compelled to fall back on a citizen transplanted from Ohio. There are Buckeyes who have come to regard the White House as a state institution.

Taft, Foraker and Judson Harmon are the three candidates who are now making Cincinnati about the warmest spot on the political map. The careers of the three men are closely intermingled. All three are natives of Ohio. Taft and Harmon were born in the same county, Hamilton, and Foraker and Harmon were born in the same year, 1846. All three are lawyers, and all three sat on the bench of the superior court of Cincinnati. Foraker and Harmon served in this capacity at the same time. When Foraker was elected governor, and when Harmon resigned from the bench to resume the practice of law in 1887 Foraker appointed Taft to the vacancy. The parallel does not end even here. All three are college graduates, Taft from Yale, Foraker from Cornell and Harmon from Denison. All have lived in Washington, two as cabinet officers and one as senator. All three were originally Republicans, Harmon breaking away in the Greeley campaign of 1872. Despite present political differences, the three have been warm personal friends.

What fate is it that twists the threads of destiny in such strange ways? Even now this truly remarkable parallel is not at an end. It is absolutely certain that at least two of these men and possibly all three are to be disappointed in their presidential aspirations.

Since leaving the bench of the superior court of Cincinnati, Harmon has been attorney general of the United States, Foraker has been governor and senator, and Taft has been solicitor general of the United States, United States circuit judge, governor of the Philippines and secretary of war. If there is anything else that Cincinnati would like, now is the time to speak. No wonder she figures on being the home of the next president.

A "People's Party" Organizer.

Although Judge Harmon is being urged as a candidate of the conservative Democrats, he was not always classed on that side of the house. There was a time when he was a radical of radicals, not only acting as secretary of the Liberal Republicans in the ill starred Greeley campaign, but the next year helping to organize a People's party, which nominated a state ticket, advised everybody to cut out both old parties and wound up by polling not quite so many votes as the Prohibitionists. After that he went out of politics and remained out till 1876, when he became a Tilden Democrat. In that year he was elected a judge of the common pleas court, but served only four months, when he was unseated on a contest.

The radical of today is the conservative of tomorrow. This fact may be due either to the progression of the mass or the retrogression of the individual. Age may have something to do with it. In the days of his Greeley and People's party enthusiasms Harmon was in his twenties. Now he is past sixty. In the meantime the world has moved its tents considerably farther up the trail. All that makes a difference in relative attitudes. There are people who call Mr. Bryan a conservative today, Bryan himself being among the number. It is all in the point of view; also in the exigencies of politics. There is one thing certain—the American people have moved forward and are still moving. If they have come abreast of the Bryan position, it follows as a matter of course that they are in advance of that of Judge Harmon. That is a story, however, which can only be told by the result of the convention and the election.

Whatever may be Judson Harmon's attitude now compared to that of thirty-five years ago, no one can charge that he has deserted his principles. On the contrary, he was opposed to the greenback propaganda in 1876, just as he was to free silver in 1896. He has fought consistently against local rings and bosses in his own party, and one of the fiercest of these fights occurred but a few years prior to his appointment as attorney general. It is likewise true that while he was a railroad attorney for many years his action as one of the special counsel appointed to investigate rebating on the Santa Fe was more drastic than the administration would uphold. He, with the associate counsel, found that the official chiefly at fault was Paul Morton, who had been one of the vice presidents of the road and was then a member of President Roosevelt's cabinet. Mr. Roosevelt would not have Morton prosecuted, and Judge Harmon resigned. Some of his prestige today is due to the deep impression created by that case. Presidential booms have sprung from less causes.

At the time of Judson Harmon's birth his father was a superintendent of schools in a small Ohio town and afterward became a Baptist preacher. The young man said it was hard to live up to the reputation of a minister's son, but did not explain in what sense he meant it. Others will interpret it according to their ideas of what the reputation of a minister's son really is, provided he has any. Some of them have only the reputation of their fathers.

An "Idol" In College.

In college Jud Harmon is described as an "idol." Most men who become presidential candidates are discovered to have been "idols" in college. It is at least polite to say so. Besides, time mellows all differences, and success conceals all defects. So it happens that when a man has become big enough to be mentioned for the presidency his classmates are in a state of enthusiasm which makes them forget his bad points and magnify his good ones.

It can readily be credited, however, that Harmon was a little tin joss among the "rah-rah" boys. For one thing he was and is a six footer, athletic and full of animal spirits. For another he was and is the soul of good nature. For a third he was a leader in all school pranks. These are qualities that insure a man's popularity in college—or out of college, for the matter of that.

Young Harmon did not graduate with his class, but was given a day all of his own on which he graduated in state—not solemn state, by the way, but brass band, "rah-rah" state. One of his classmates tells the story, and it is exciting enough for the prelude to a presidential campaign. All college students are alike, except that some are more depraved than others, and among these was Jud Harmon. All students want to do things to the faculty, and some do them. Among these again was Harmon. That is why he did not graduate till a day late and but for a small French revolution in that particular college would not have graduated at all.

Selected as a Burnt Offering.

Most colleges have fake commencement programmes that roast the dignified professors, trustees, students and everybody worth roasting. The one of June, 1866, at Denison was especially notable. It changed the junior class exercises into a howling farce and made the stately trustees so shockingly wrathy that there had to be a victim. Harmon's earmarks were all over the fake programme, so he was selected as the burnt offering to appease the anger of the [illegible].

TO BE CONTINUED.

Don't tell a girl to save up her money to buy something; the poor thing has no money to save up.

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"Freddy, you shouldn't laugh out loud in the schoolroom," exclaimed the teacher.

"I didn't mean to do it," apologized Freddy. "I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted."

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of [signature] The Kind You Have Always Bought

Baseball: Stupid Game.

An Iconoclast Inveighs Against the Popular Sport.

By John W. Herbert.

The attractions of baseball have had many a "write up"; the enthusiasts have had their say, even outside the "sporting page"; while the street corner, the bar-room, and the Harlem flat with the "fan," and the vacant lot shrieks with the delighted small boy.

Even the Transcript not very long ago published an article on baseball, which contained this tribute:

"Baseball is not merely an interesting and scientific game. It is the game which calls into play the dominant traits of Americans in its demand for agility, quick thinking and tremendous exertion and excitement. It is peculiarly popular and fascinating to us because it means a contest, a personal hand-to-hand encounter. Golf can never become a popular game here, because in it one's fortunes are not in any way dependent upon his opponent's efforts—there is no active back-and-forth competition. It is a contest of records which can never fulfil the soul of the American youth. Tennis does fulfil this condition, and is a most glorious sport, but it is an expensive game, and is limited to two or four. Baseball has all the elements of the personal battle which makes every red-blooded American itch to see (even if he never yields to the temptation) a glove contest, and it is ideal and peculiar in that it affords an individual contest and a team contest at the same time. From the moment the first ball is pitched it is a struggle between the batter or base-runner and some one man of the opposing side, in which both teams are engaged. One's very action depends upon that of his opponent and the fate of the contest is so uncertain that at any moment a bit of carelessness or of luck (and the presence of luck is a fascinating factor) may lead to disaster. Football has many of the characteristics of baseball, but its season is short and it is too complex in its actual workings to satisfy the average American crowd. Baseball fills all the conditions demanded by the American boy, and it is from first to last exciting, daring, contentious and—strenuous."

With all of which I disagree. Baseball does not please all persons; in fact, the game is not generally attended by the best classes in the community. Call the roll of Boston's best clubs and see what a beggarly few of its members attend the league games, although abundantly able and with sufficient leisure to go every day. The reason they do not go is because it is a stupid game. It is not inherently interesting. Let us see if I cannot prove this. Let us get down to fundamentals.

Take the supposititious "savage from the wilds of Afrika" and put him on the "bleachers," what would he make of it? A lot of men stand around and do nothing most of the time. Only one man is actively engaged, as a rule, and he is apparently only throwing a ball to another man, who tries to hit it with a stick; and if he does not succeed, a man behind him, with his head in a wire grate, tries to catch it, while a man in a different kind of clothing stands about and calls out unintelligible words. If, after a certain time, the man with a stick does not hit the ball, another man takes his place and the same performance begins all over again. If this man hits the ball it goes away off somewhere (or doesn't), and the man throws away the stick and runs like mad (this intermittent running is the only active part of the game) towards a huge pincushion tied to the ground some distance away, at his right—the astonishing thing being that he flees when no man pursueth. There is usually a great shouting—this, at least is pleasing to the savage, who loves noise, even though he may not (in this case cannot) understand what it is all about—for no one catches the man, or even tries to; it seems a senseless performance. Sometimes an aimless and desultory sort of person, in the distance, catches the ball that was thrown by the man and was hit by the stick, and throws it to the man who has, all the time, been standing, chewing, by the pincushion; sometimes this man catches it, and tags the man who hit the ball. Then there is a great "holler." Once in a while the man hits the ball so hard that it goes away, way, off, and the man runs to the two other pincushions in succession, and then back to the place he started from. If this is the case, there is a greater "holler." Evidently something has happened; but what? The man has got back to where he started from. But why shouldn't he?—it was not a very long distance to run, and no one tried to stop him. Then, every once in a while, after a certain number of men either have, or have not, hit the ball and done the round of the pincushions and got back to the starting place (which, incidentally, the savage is told is called by the name of a common household utensil, there is general movement, and the men who have been sitting on a bench near the starting place, chewing, and drinking water out of a pail, get up and change places with the thrower, the wire-grated man, the pincushion men and the desultory outstanders. And it happens all over again. Nine times it happens!

Certainly of itself this is not very interesting sport. How different from football! Any savage would like that. He might not understand exactly what they were trying to do with the big brown egg (many who go do not), but he would as certainly understand that they were trying to do something, something violent—killing, like enough. He would appreciate the huge size of the men, their brutal strength, and their terrifying, mumbo-jumbo costumes and face gear. When they came together with that fearfull impact then would he lick his lips with satisfaction, and when the one running with the egg was knocked down by two others and fell with a strange, subdued thud, while all the rest threw themselves blindly upon him, then would his soul swell with joy—like that of the civilized spectator; then would he quiver with impatience, like the rest of us, while the men were being pulled off by the legs, to know whether the bottom one was maimed, and if he were hurt then would the savage dance and shriek with quadruple joy when they carried him off, like the surrounding thousands of men and maidens—the latter almost equalling the former in number, for football is far the most popular of sports with our American girls—like the bull fight with Spanish women. It does not require any very acute civilization to appreciate either; while with baseball the case is different.

But to leave football and the "supposititious savage" and get back to civilization and baseball, I suppose I am civilized, over-civilized, I've been told before now, and yet I do not, as I said, find baseball interesting, any more than the savage does. It strikes me as tame and insipid. There is so "little doing" most of the time, except by the "rooting" spectators, who are so much more visibly interested and excited than the players that I find myself watching them rather than the field. I acknowledge that it is mildly interesting when there are three men on bases and a good hit means three "in" or all "out on a strike." But this does not often happen in the course of a game, and it would not be interesting if one were sole spectator—it's the surrounding excitement that counts—or unless one had a personal affection for the players. This personal following of the various men is one of the extraordinary things about the game, but it is undeniable. Tom, Dick and Harry, even little Billy, each has his favorite player, knows all about his personal life, his professional career, how many runs and errors, how many and what kind of hits he has made for the last dozen seasons, etc. And when one considers the sort of person the usual baseball player is this hero worship is disgusting. I should as soon think of caring for the figures in the Noah's ark or a cigar store Indian as for a Red Sox or a Dove or a Tiger or a whatnot. They seem to me equally impersonal.

Indeed, the impersonality, so to speak, of the game is one of its chief faults. You are not near enough the men to see them clearly; they are mere puppets, similarly clothed, scattered upon "a table of green fields." You never hear their voices save when they are raised in imprecation, or "root." Allied to this impersonality between player and spectator is that between player and player—the element of personal strife, combat, rivalry. No men are doing the same thing, pitted against each other, at the same time. It is purely team rivalry—unique among sports in this respect. In tennis it is man to man; in fencing, in racing, in track-athletics, in boxing. Even in football, essentially a team game, there comes in the personal physical rivalry and combat; men are doing the same thing at the same time, they very distinctly "get at" each other. Of course there is in baseball a certain sort of rivalry—to make as many "grand stand" plays, and as few errors as possible, so as to get a better salary than the other man next year. The commercial side of the game is something to be wondered at. The salaries are large—though not what they once were, I believe—and are the only ones on record which Tom, Dick and Harry believe rightly earned; I have never heard that even the "unemployed" and the "Socialists" object to these, though to all other forms of earning money they take exception. Perhaps it is the commercialism of the game which makes it so popular, so distinctly American.

Another thing that puts this game on a distinctly low plane, is the fact that it makes no call on personal courage, gives no opportunity for physical bravery, requires no special endurance or strength—merely a certain technical agility and knack. In the whole history of popular national amusements of this sort, it is the only one that makes no call on this side of the contestants, and hence has no conceivable emotional appeal. The Homeric games, the games of classic Greece, the Roman chariot races and gladiatorial combats, the mediaeval tourneys, the contest of chivalry, all required personal bravery, and were mostly inspired by something other than the hope of a salary. There was the risk of serious hurt in many, and the surety of death in others; but this is what made them interesting to the combatants (man is a blood-lust animal) and emotionally exciting to the spectator. In baseball there are occasional injuries, but they are purely accidental; not a part of the game. Fancy Nero applauding the Red Sox, and occasionally coming down in a visored cap to assist them in putting out the Pianos! But—Nero was not "nice!" No, but he was interesting, and he knew what was worth looking at.

Surely baseball is not worth looking at. A bare flat stretch with a green diamond, marked by straight pathways to the bases. There is never a tree anywhere about, and the sun pours down in a blinding glare, putting out the eyes and wrinkling the forehead; there is a baseball face—which isn't "pretty" at all. Indeed, there is nothing "pretty" about the whole game. Nothing can be done to the grounds because it would interfere with the business of the game, and there is no attempt to make even the grand stand look other than like a coal shed; and the bleachers certainly bleach and are bleached, and as uncomfortable as it is possible to make them. There is no color anywhere, no attempt at anything attractive. This would be deemed "effeminate" by the lovers of the game; though one could hardly say the shows of the Roman arena were effeminate, despite the splendor of their setting; nor could the beauty of the Olympic games be said to have feminized the contestants, or weakened the manly enjoyment of the spectator; nor does a gorgeous bull ring make tame the fight.

And the costumes, uniforms, of the players! Nothing could well be uglier—unless they played in their street clothes. They have not even the monstrosity and grotesqueness of the football suit. They conceal every line of the human body, without picturesquely distorting it. Even the track-athletic costume exposes something of the human body, ugly as are the flappy, natty little drawers, which most choose to wear instead of tights. How different the effect of the ancient Olympic games from the modern! Then, no one wore anything, except oil, and they had beautiful bodies—and counted on them as well as on their skill and agility, in gaining the reward of the wild olive crown—not a $10,000 dollar salary; in having a marble statue erected to them—not their chromo on a cigar-box cover. Fancy a life-sized statue of a Red Sox in full regalia, visored cap, spiked shoes, catcher's mask and glove, erected in the library, or "adorning" the Public Garden! However, judging by the round shoulders, scrawny calves, and slab-sided gait of most of the ball players, perhaps it is just as well that they do not play the game as nature made them.

But maybe nature would do a "better job" with most of us if we were not so afraid of showing ourselves—at least we ourselves would give her a little more help in that direction. It has been said that the constant and familiar sight of the naked body made the wonder of Greek art—have our clothes produced our art? It seems like enough. But this is too large a subject for an article on baseball.

If the saying is true—"tell me how a nation amuses itself, and I'll tell you its characteristics." (I'm not claiming that it is true, such things usually are not), what are our characteristics? Baseball is confessedly "the national game"—more national than any others save Spain's. They might be figured out as: "rooting" for our manufactured and well-paid idols; hero worship for vulgar success; lack of ambition and rivalry except for material reward; indifference to surroundings, and ignorance of beauty.

Found a Horseshoe.

It Didn't Bring Luck, Though Given a Fair Trial.

There is a man who has a very poor idea of the horseshoe as a bringer of good luck.

"I found one in the road some time ago," he remarked. "As a matter of fact, another old gentleman found it also about the same time. We both wanted it, and there was a tussle for it.

"I got the shoe, a black eye, a torn finger from a rusty nail in the shoe, and a summons for assault and battery.

"It wasn't a very good start, but I thought I'd give it a fair trial. Of course, in nailing the shoe up above the front door I managed to smash my thumb and fall from the stepladder.

"Then I sat down and waited for the luck to begin. That shoe seemed to be endowed with the power to attract trouble in every form.

"Duns, bailiffs, the landlord, measles and poverty were rarely out of the house, and my faith was shaken.

"Then one day, when the rate collector was standing on the top step, that shoe came down with a crash—"

"Ah!" interrupted a sympathizer. "Luck at last!"

"Not a bit of it," sighed the unlucky one. "It missed him by a foot."—Tit-Bits.

One on the Jury.

[From the New York Times]

When Ella Van Dross, a young colored girl, was tried before Judge Rosalsky in General Sessions Tuesday on the charge that, when Joseph Kayatt, a white man from Yonkers, asked her in the hall of 249 Second avenue whether the Joneses lived on the floor above, she stealthily removed a pocket-book containing $10 from his pocket, the jury deliberated only a few minutes and then returned with their verdict.

The girl, much disturbed was led to the bar. The foreman arose. "We find the defendant not guilty," he said. As the late prisoner was turning to leave court Judge Rosalsky called out:

"One moment, Ella. Be careful not to let any more suspicion fall on you, whether you are innocent this time or not."

"Oh, Judge," said the girl, "Ah nevah done it before, an' fo' de Lurd Ah nevah will again."

The jury looked amazed.

"That's one on you, gentlemen," remarked the judge, and all the courtroom laughed.

"The Abbotsholme."

"The Abbotsholme" is the English school where Dr. Cecil Reddie is making practical protest against the luxuriousness of British education, against the abandonment of the country for the artificial life of the city, against the kid-gloved aristocracy which fails to recognize the nobility of labor," aiming "through education to turn back the people to the neglected soil—in fact, to recolonize England through the medium of a class of landlords educated to totally different ideas." An account of a visit to this unique school, showing keen observation of its life and work, has been written for the June "Century" by Preston W. Search, author of "An Ideal School."

A Philosopher.

Some time ago there was a flood in Western Pennsylvania. An old fellow who had lost nearly everything he possessed was sitting on the roof of the house as it floated along when a boat approached.

"Hello, John."

"Hello, Dave."

"Are your fowls all washed away, John?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man.

"Apple trees gone?"

"Well, they said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the flood's away above your window."

"That's all right, Dave. Them winders needed washin', anyhow."

More Lincolniana.

Jesse W. Weik, one of the co-authors of Herndon & Weik's "Life of Lincoln," has written for the June "Century" the story of Lincoln's vote for vice-president in the Philadelphia convention of 1878, quoting a hitherto unpublished letter of W. B. Archer, the man who, it appears, is entitled to the credit of first suggesting Mr. Lincoln for the office. Mr. Lincoln was not in Philadelphia at the time but was in Illinois following Judge Davis around the circuit, and Mr. Weik quotes him as saying, when told that he had received 110 votes for vice-president:

"Surely it ain't me; there's another great man named Lincoln down in Massachusetts. I reckon it's him."

Feathered Idleness.

Little Margie on her first visit to a farm was told to wander about the barn and search for eggs. Some time later the child returned almost in tears.

"Couldn't you find any eggs, dearie?" asked her mother.

"No," replied Margie wearily. "I think it's mean, too, 'cause lots of hens were standing around doing nothing."—June Lippincott's.

"I'm glad to find you so much better, old man. Does the doctor expect you to be out soon?"

"I think he expects me to be out the amount of his bill. He sent it in today."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Farmer B.—This 'ere paper says they ain't nothin' f'r an appetite like a long tramp.

His wife—Land! They don't know what they're talkin' about. A short one e'n eat just as much.—Pathfinder.

"What makes you regard that man as such a brilliantly original orator?"

"He made an after dinner speech without saying that he had not expected to be called on."—N. Y. Evening Journal.

When a girl with an angel food taste marries a man with a ginger bread income it's a sign that she doesn't know on which side her bread is buttered.—Dallas News.

Visitor—What is the best way to get the President's ear?

White House Attache—Catch hold of the Lock—Harvard Lampoon.

Hunting For a Crusoe.

[From the Mexican Herald.]

The United States gunboat Yankton, tender to the Atlantic fleet, has returned from the Galapagos Islands with full details of its fruitless quest on Indefatigable Island for Fred Jeffs, the American seaman, castaway of the wrecked Norwegian barque Alexandra, wrecked on the Galapagos in May, 1907. Of the crew of seventeen men and a captain all except Jeffs were rescued from the barren and uninhabited isle five months after their wreck. In fact, ten of the men found their way to the neighboring Chatham Island, which is inhabited, while a passing barque picked up seven men on Indefatigable. Jeffs had become sick and departed from his companions, with the result that he missed being saved when the remainder got safely back to civilization.

After a close search of all accessible portions of the island, which yielded nothing but pitiful traces of the derelict sailor and the conclusion that he had died alone in this most forlorn of islands, the Yankton is on her way north to join the fleet.

The distance to the Galapagos was covered in four days, and Hood Island, the most southern of the group, sighted at noon on March 8. Previous to sighting land great quantities of sea life, for which the vicinity of these islands is noted, and numerous birds testified to its nearness. Large schools of porpoises, disturbed in feeding by the ship, plunged away leaping and playing. Turtles asleep on the water floated by, many of them with gulls sitting on their backs, and the doglike heads of seals peered above the water at the strange monster which had invaded their domain.

The triangular fins of the watchful shark were constantly in sight about the ship; flocks of flying fish scuded away, while overhead the frigate and boatswain birds and the gulls watched for their prey.

In order, if possible, to gain information about the wreck, Chatham Islands was first visited. Anchoring in Wreck Bay, a messenger on horseback was found waiting on the beach with the compliments of the local authority, the "administrador," and a polite inquiry if any assistance could be furnished. The vessel had been seen approaching from the town, which is located high up in the mountain and five miles from the landing. The presence of a ship is most rare, and a hospitable invitation to visit the hacienda had to be declined, as time pressed.

The inhabitants of this island number about 850, all dependents of a single estate and mostly engaged in the cultivation of sugar, cotton and tobacco. The estate lies in the hills and valleys on the southern slope of the island in the only place where water is obtainable.

Water is the need of all this group of islands, and the lack of it is the keynote of their barren wastes and cactus covered slopes. The shores of all consist of black volcanic rocks and cliffs, with here and there in a sheltered spot a sandy beach. The islands, rising in most cases to 3000 or 4000 feet, have their slopes covered with a giant growth of cactus mingling with a thorn which made progress back from the shore impossible without cutting a way.

A number of guides were taken aboard and a start made for Indefatigable Island, where a whaling boat with four sailors and the guides was landed. The Yankton stood off and fired two shots from her three-pounders to attract Jeff's attention. In the night rockets were sent up every half hour and the search-lights played on the elevations of the island. The searchers on the opposite side of the atoll could see the search-light, and it is reasonably certain that had Jeffs been alive on the island he would have seen it and responded.

Yet there remains a modicum of doubt about the entire affair. Only the beach stretches are penetrable, without the utmost exertion. Along the beach water is exceptionally scarce. In one place a good pool was found and near it the cabin where the seven men had lived for five months until picked up. In another place Jeff's camp was found, and in still others his footprints were found in the volcanic crust, and in his camp was discovered his razor with "Jeffs" scratched into the handle. There were other traces of the man of an age not to be computed, but of him there was not a sign.

Back from this shore which was searched rise the craters of extinct volcanoes some 3500 to 4000 feet above the sea level. Undoubtedly in the wide valleys of these mountains are valleys where water is found and where the soil is tillable and possibly productive of natural foods. Indeed there were indications of this in the wild cattle and goats which inhabit the mountains and the valleys of the inner slopes in herds and the great flock of plover, teal and curlew seen everywhere. On some of the salt marshes these birds swarmed at dusk and the shotgun in the party did excellent work for the larder.

The Galapagos islands were discovered in 1535 and were at that time uninhabited, but later on became a favorite place for buccaneers and whalers. The former found in it sheltered coves where repairs could be made unobserved and where water and sea food were obtainable, the latter made it a rendezvous and also a point to obtain fresh water and to give their crews a run on shore, knowing they would not desert. The old-fashioned five-year whaling voyage was one full of hardships, and a crew landed in a favorable place would have thought of what lay before them.

Captain Porter visited the islands in 1813, remaining in or cruising about them from April to October, and capturing during this time twelve of the British whalers then cruising in the Pacific, dealing the British whaling business a crushing blow.

But perhaps the most noteworthy visit to the Galapagos was that made by Darwin in his voyage around the world in the Beagle. They proved of the greatest interest to him, and from his observations there he went far toward the formation of the Darwinian theory of the origin of species and of the theory of evolution.

With one exception the land birds found by Darwin were peculiar to the group, as were the lizards, snakes, turtles and the great land tortoise.

His observations were that at some remote time, by volcanic action, these islands made their appearance separately, and on account of the great depth of water between the four and the mainland they must have always been isolated. On the different species of finches, etc., his conclusions being that such isolated forms were modified by natural selection and adaptation to their environments.

A married man says it isn't the jaws of death that worry him, but the jaws of life.

Buying a Doll.

Ruby did not want to stay alone in the big store while her mamma went across the city on business; but mamma said it was best, and Ruby knew that what mamma said was true. So there she was, perched on one of the stools in front of the doll counter, and mamma was already out of sight, and was going farther away every minute. Ruby would have liked to cry, only she felt that she was too big a girl to show such weakness in a public place,—she was four years old last summer! So she made up her mind to be very brave, though she could not help wishing that the woman who sold the dolls would not look at her so sharply through her glasses.

There were no customers at the doll-counter until a little girl came near where she was sitting, and said to the saleswoman that she wanted to look at dolls. She was a very pretty little girl, with curling brown hair, and a hat and coat which Ruby thought were the handsomest she had ever seen.

"It must be a nice doll," said the child, "for I am going to give it to my sister."

"Do you wish to buy an expensive one?"

The small customer said that she did.

Several dolls, at a dollar and a-half apiece, were laid on the counter. The little girl looked them over, but did not appear to be suited. Others were brought out, at various prices, the prettiest being marked two dollars. This the child fondled, patting its cheeks, and smoothing its yellow hair. She laid it down, and she took it up again, swinging it gently in her arms, as if she were getting it to sleep. Finally, she asked:

"Have you any nicer than this?"

Then the woman went to a drawer and brought out a box. Carefully she unfolded the tissue wrappers, and lifted out the doll—a beautiful doll all in pink silk and lace, with pretty boots and hair ribbons to match her dress.

The little girl's eyes shone, and eagerly she took Dolly in her small, kid-gloved hands. She held the little beauty a long time, but at last laid her down with a sigh.

"The price has been six dollars," the saleswoman said, "but I will let you have it for five."

The child shook her head sadly, and walked along in front of the show case.

"How much are those?" she asked, pointing to a box of little undressed china dolls.

"A penny apiece," was the reply.

"I'll take one," she beamed, and while the woman wrapped it in a bit of paper she pulled from her glove the shiny cent that had been hidden in her moist little palm.

As she skipped happily away with her purchase, Ruby looked on in astonishment. Then she saw that the saleswoman was smiling. She met Ruby's gaze, and she laughed outright.

"That was funny—wasn't it?" she said.

"Awfully funny!" Ruby answered.

Then the saleswoman brought over the five-dollar doll and showed it to Ruby.

Mamma came soon after, and found Ruby and the saleswoman talking merrily together.

On the way home mamma heard all about the little customer that spent so much time examining beautiful dolls—only to buy one that cost a penny.—Emma C. Dowd, in Sunday School Times.

Give Him Time.

"Then it was all a mistake, that report about Morgan owning 'The Sun'?"

"Yes, 'the earth' is all he has got so far."

Measures.

"The money a man amasses," remarked the philosopher, "is not the measure of his value to the community."

"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "it's the measure of the community's value to him."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Jenks—I'm surprised to find you looking for a servant. I thought you engaged one yesterday.

Mrs. Richley—Oh, she's a lady's maid; she waits on me. I'm looking for one to wait on her.—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Mrs. Deering—I think I shall have to give you the customary week's notice, Norah.

The Cook—Glory be! But ain't it wonderful how gr-reat minds run in th' same groove—ye tuk the wur-rds right out av me mouth!—Puck.

Chilian government official report shows there have been 7851 copper claims worked in Chile, at different times, of which only 748 were worked during the last year.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

There are few things more certain than expenses we hadn't counted on.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. They are made specially for nervous and dyspeptic men and women, and are just the medicine needed by all persons who, from any cause, do not sleep well, or who fail to get proper strength from their food. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, &c., readily yield to the use of the Little Nerve Pills, particularly if combined with Carter's Little Liver Pills. In vials at 25 cents.

Some people are satisfied to be under-studies all their lives.

Backache is almost immediately relieved by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Try one and be free from pain. Price 25 cents.

Few men thank heaven that they have more than they deserve.

No one knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief they have given when taken for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the side, constipation, and disordered stomach.

Clothes don't make a man any more than a complexion makes a woman.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Eleazar's Bequest to Science.

(Poem read at Dartmouth Club dinner in New York City.)

When Eleazar Wheelock first started Dartmouth College,
And tapped up there in Hanover the fountain of all knowledge,
That good old man was wise indeed, with vision most prophetic,
And practical to a degree as well as homiletic.

For the poet tells us truly that when he landed there,
He had of books a slender store, but other things to spare,
And while he sought, in chief, to show the way to Kingdom Come,
He took as one necessity some good New England rum.

For he had five hundred gallons, but the song says not a word
Of why or wherefore this good rum in Hanover was stored,
But 'tis plain as daylight now that this goodly pious man
Had a hygienic reason and was working out a plan.

He knew the Norwich hills were full of several kinds of game,
And the boys would roam the mountains o'er which brown October came,
And he knew that there were serpents lurking low in sunny spots,
And the students would be bitten—at least that was in his thoughts.

And with his prophetic vision and his eagerness to save,
He would fain preserve the bodies of each dusky student brave;
So while he showed the Bible as the path their feet would tread,
The rum became important for the deadly serpent's bite.

Now mark you how the teachings of a goodly pious man
Run to several generations, for a life is but a span,
And heredity is something that can leave no room for doubt,
For the doings of the fathers knock predestination out.

So when Eleazar's grandson had a son he called his own,
We looked to find him reaping what his ancestor had sown,
And perhaps it's just as useful if his scientific sight
Turns from Eleazar's Bible and seeks out the serpent's bite.

For things oft go by contraries, as we are sometimes told,
And the rum that healed the snake bite on the Norwich hills of old
May have wrought by deep suggestion—how we may not understand—
That the snake bite now gives healing to the sick throughout the land.

Old Granite State.

[Mountaineer's Farewell.]

I have come from the mountains of the old Granite State,
Where the hills are so lofty, magnificent and great,
I have left kindred spirits in the land of the blest,
When I bade them adieu for the far distant West;
Oh, thy mountains! oh, thy valleys! in my own native State.

Oh, thy hills and thy valleys are sacred to me,
No matter what in lands of others I may see,
I may view scenes as sunny, as fair and as smooth,
Then I'll think of my cottage that stands in the grove;
Oh, my childhood! oh, that homestead! in my own native State.

When I think of the fair one who once was my pride,
As she roved among the mountains so close by my side,
When I sigh for the days that will never come back,
For she sleeps by the side of the bold Merrimac,
Oh, that loved one! oh, thy graveyard! in my own native State.

A mother dear I've lost, she's gone to the grave,
She was the dearest blessing that God ever gave,
Now I go to the spot where buried is the loved,
And I seem to hear her singing with the angels above.
Oh, my mother! I bless her school in my own native State.
A mother dear I've lost; she's gone to the grave;
She left her orphan weeping, to go to God, who gave.

Love's Fragrance.

Can you remember, dear, those pauses, calm and sweet,
When the new moon shone before us above the grassy street?
The hills in mist were shrouded and from violets down below
Came an eerie sort of fragrance, melting in the evening's glow.

Then we took the time for loving, but the day came all too soon
When that tender, slender, moonlet had become a round-eyed moon;
And we left those moon-swept meadows, for the hurly-burly called
The city, whose mad business holds all one's mind enthralled.

That dear old idle loving, in this seething rush, lies dead,
But never with spirit, like a fragrance faintly shed,
Is Love's spirit all pervading, is Love's fragrance stealing sweet,
Like the woodsy smell of violets along the village street.

—Mary Emery Smith, in Boston Cooking School Magazine.

The Critics.

Bill Jones was just a shiftless chap,
What one might call a human weed
He would not toil himself and sneered
When some one else chanced to succeed.

When others praised a worthy act
And credit gave where it was due,
Bill Jones would laugh the deed to scorn
And ridicule it through and through.

He'd never say "That boy did well,
I'm glad he got there," but he'd say
"That feller had a pile of luck—
Things came his way!"

How many men there are like Bill,
Who like to sit around and fling
A sneering word to show some deed
Was but a very little thing.

You'll see them everywhere you go;
You'll hear the same uncalled for sneer;
You'll see the sour face and know
Bill Jones or one like him is near.

The strange part of it all is this—
They idly waiting 'round all day,
Things never get around to where
They come their way!

Louis E. Thayer

Is This Fair?

If there be any truth
In an oft-quoted saw,
Opportunity knocks
Once at every man's door.

But woman is favored—
At her door it appears,
Opportunity knocks
Once in every four years!
—Robert T. Hardy in June Lippincott's.

"Oh, my lord, if you can excuse me pray do!" breathlessly exclaimed a juror who made a belated appearance in court. "I don't know which will die first, my wife or my daughter."

"Dear me, that's sad!" said the judge. "Certainly you are excused."

The next day the juryman was met by a friend, who, in a sympathetic voice, said, "How's your wife?"

"She's all right, thank you."

"And your daughter?"

"She's all right, too. Why do you ask?"

"Why, yesterday you said you did not know which would die first!"

"Nor do I. That is a problem time alone can solve!"

We never find that the same soil produces delicacies and heroes.—Hesiod.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to

Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1908.

NOTES.

PHINNEY—John Phinney, Plymouth, Mass., proprietor Dec. 2, 1650, removed to Barnstable. The family seems to America from England before 1651, consisting of a mother, a daughter and two sons, Robert and John. "Mother Finney died in Plymouth, Ap. 22, 1650, aged upwards of 80 years." John married Christian——, who died Sept. 8, 1649. His son

John Phinney, born at Plymouth, Mass., Dec. 24, 1638, bap. at the age of 14, at Barnstable, July 31, 1653; married Mary Rogers, Aug. 10, 1664. His son

Benjamin Phinney, born June 18, 1682, married Martha Crocker. His son

Zaccheus Phinney, b. 1720, married Susanna Davis, and had son

Benjamin Phinney, born 1744, died 1848, married Susanna Morse. They were admitted to the Church at Falmouth May, 10, 1775. Lexington, Mass., death records say she died Jan., 1829, aged about 80 years.

REFERENCES—History of Lexington, Mass., p. 173, etc.

Printed records of Lexington Deaths, p. 188.

Swift's Barnstable Families, Vol. 2, p. 227.

Pope's Pioneers of Massachusetts, p. 168.

New England Hist. and Gen. Register, April, 1908.

Morton's New England Memorial, pp. 226-7. (1826.)—W. B.

BALCH—John Balch came from Somerset Co., England, in Sept. 1623, landing at Weymouth, Mass. He married for his first wife, Margery ——, name and date unknown. His will is dated at Salem, Mass., May 15, 1648, and he died the same month. His son

Benjamin Balch, born at Naumkeag (now Salem) 1628-9, married 1650, Sarah, daughter of Thomas Gardner, overseer of the first Cape Ann Plantation. Thomas Gardner came from Weymouth, Dorset, in the spring of 1623-4, to superintend the planting of a colony sent out by The Western Adventurers, of Dorchester, England. He died [illegible] 1674. In will he mentioned his daughter Sarah Balch. Sarah (Gardner) Balch died Ap. 5, 1686. Benjamin and Sarah Balch had son

Freeborn Balch, born at Beverly, Mass., Aug. 9, 1660, died there June 12, 1729; md. (2d) Ap. 30, 1690, Elizabeth Fairfield, daughter of Walter and Sarah (Skipperway) Fairfield, of Wenham. She was born Aug. 3, 1666, d. Jan. 31, 1736-7. Their son

William Balch was born at Beverly, Sept. 30, 1704, died at Bradford (formerly Rowley) Jan. 12, 1791-2, md. Mar. 12, 1727, Rebecca Stone, dau. of Daniel and Hannah (Woodbury) Stone, b. Mar. 28, 1708-10, d. July 2, 1789. Their daughter

Rebecca Balch, b. Aug. 8, 1729, died May 6, 1760, md. Nov. 1, 1750, Benjamin Parker, son of Abraham and Elizabeth. Their son

Benjamin Parker, born Nov. 11, 1759, d. May 12, 1845, married —— Brown of Virginia.—W. B.

QUERIES.

6398. CARD—Joseph (born 1686) mar. Hope, and had Joseph Card, 1726.

Joseph Jr. mar. Mary Weeden, 1725-1726, and had William, born 1752.

Wanted other children of the Joseph and Mary.

Richard Card mar. Martha Tripp, 5-22-1761, and had son Joseph, who had wife Hannah McGrum. Wanted, parents of this Richard Card.—L. C.

6399. ROGERS—In the note on the Phinney family in this issue, the marriage is given of John Phinney of Barnstable, Mass., to Mary Rogers. Can any one tell me to what Rogers family she belonged?—W. B.

6400. DAVIS—Susanna Davis married Zaccheus Phinney, son of Benjamin and Martha (Crocker) Phinney, and grandson of John and Mary (Rogers) Phinney. Would like ancestry of Susannah Davis.—W. B.

6401. GARDNER—Who was the wife of Thomas Gardner, who came from Weymouth, Dorset, England, 1623-4, and was overseer of the first Cape Ann Plantation?—W. B.

6402. SKIPPERWAY—Who were the ancestors of Sarah Skipperway, who was wife of Walter Fairfield, of Wenham, Mass. Their daughter Elizabeth was born Aug. 3, 1666, md. Ap. 30, 1690, Freeborn Balch, of Beverly, Mass.—W. B.

6403. WOODBURY—Who were the ancestors of Hannah Woodbury, wife of Daniel Stone, of Bradford, Mass., whose daughter Rebecca, born Mar. 28, 1708-10, d. July 2, 1789, md. Mar. 12, 1727, William Balch, of Bradford.—W. B.

6404. BROOKS—Who was Elizabeth, wife of Gilbert Brooks, who was an early settler, first of Rehoboth, then of Marshfield, Mass.? I have been told that she was daughter of Edward Winslow, but this must be an error.—E. O.

6405. RICHMOND—John Richmond, who was early at Taunton, Mass., married (2) Abigail Rogers. Who was his first wife?—E. O.

Trinity church Sunday School has closed for the summer to resume its sessions on September 13th. The annual picnic will be held at Wickford on June 24th.

Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE.—At the Court of Probate held on Monday the following estates were passed upon.

Estates of Hazel B. and Rowena F. Ward. The petition of Lydia M. Ward, their Guardian, for permission to sell their interest in the George E. Ward homestead on Prospect avenue was granted, sale to be made at private contract for not less than $1000.00, or at public auction. Guardian required to give bond in the sum of $1500.00 with Howard R. Peckham as surety to secure proper investment of proceeds of sale.

Estates of Esther B. and May B. Peckham. The petition of their Guardian, Esther A. Peckham, for leave to sell their interest in eleven and one half acres of land on Berkeley avenue, at private sale is granted, Guardian to first give bond in the sum of $23.00 with Alvin H. Peckham as surety.

Estate of Lydia P. Lewis. The petition of Mary Ella Peckham to be appointed Administrator de bonis non with will annexed in place of Arthur L. Peckham, deceased, was continued to the third Monday of July.

Estate of Harriet N. Ward. Sarah M. Ward, Administratrix, presents her first and final account which is referred to the third Monday of July with an order of notice.

IN TOWN COUNCIL.—David Goldberg of 63 Burnside avenue, Newport, was granted a wagon license to collect and deal in junk. This is the first and only application for a junk license during the present year.

The appointment of George Nathan Smith as Police Constable was revoked and William S. Caswell was appointed an additional constable. Charles H. Ward, Town Treasurer, was directed to give bond in the sum of $30,000.00, with sureties satisfactory to the Town Council. The following accounts were presented, allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury. On account of highways, John S. Lawton, Jr. for 65 barrels of dustoline, $837.68; Peckham Brothers for crushed stone, $252.15; Elmer B. Sisson, Surveyor of District No. 1, $47.18; William S. Caswell, Surveyor of District No. 2, $168.30; William G. Brown, Surveyor of No. 4, $30.93; total on highway, $[illegible].15.

Thomas G. Ward, services as Town Sergeant, $17.00; for making a list of owners of dogs, $48.00; for bounty due for killing ten skunks, $3.00; William L. Brown, services as Town auditor two years, $4.00; services as Moderator of three town meetings, $15.00; Benjamin W. H. Peckham, repairing cesspool, $14.50; Benjamin Caswell, services as janitor of town hall, $12.50; accounts for the relief of the poor, $61.35; total $1084.43.

The Council adjourned to meet at the town hall on Monday next, the 22nd instant at two p. m.

Attractive Summer Tours.

"Big and Little Journeys" is the title of a most attractive 112-page illustrated book issued by the Beekman Tourist Company. This book contains itineraries of the various conducted tours operated by this company and also many independent tours under the invisible tourist system are shown. It also has a list of the different steamship companies, giving sailing schedules and rates for one way and round-trip as well as circular tour tickets. The book has been prepared with the view of furnishing general information and to answer most the many questions usually asked by the traveler. With this publication before one it is possible for the tourist to lay out his own vacation and figure the average expense of the same, all classes of tours being shown, both economical and the more expensive ones. "Big and Little Journeys" is distributed gratuitously by the Beekman Tourist Company, 290 Washington Street, Cor. School, Boston, Mass.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

J. R. Parsonage & Son have rented for M. A. McCormick, the premises No. 32 Holland Street, to William Hellock.

J. R. Parsonage & Son have rented for James E. Baker, the cottage No. 8 Perry street, to Lawrence Kerrigan.

J. R. Parsonage & Son have rented for the Savings Bank of Newport, the so-called Murray House on Casey Court, to Albert Jenkins.

J. R. Parsonage & Son have rented for Daniel Rosen, the tenement on the first floor of his new building, to Mrs. Conroy.

J. R. Parsonage & Son have sold for Lucinda C. Williams and Frances R. Whitlock, executors and trustees of the estate of the late Leonidas P. Williams, the property bounded North by Chestnut street, south by land of Miss M. M. Sinnamon, east by Washington street and west by the harbor, to Edmund W. Kent.

Prohibition and Intoxication.

Do people in the prohibition states drink more liquor than the residents of wide-open Commonwealths? Mr. E. A. Curley, president of the Distillers' Securities Corporation, states that they do. He says that the prohibition laws only change the method of distribution and do not in any way curtail the per capita consumption of strong drink. It is certain that several millions of voters do not agree with President Curley, else they would not have put so many States in the dry column with their ballots. More than a third of the country's population is now living under prohibition laws. But just the same, what President Curley says will carry matter for deep thought to a vast number of people. If he is honest in his opinion and correct in his statistics it is only another proof of the great difference which lies in the way of reforming the human race by statute.

We sell the following Stylographic Pens or Ink- Pencils.

"Red Lever."
"Brown Beacon."
"Red Beacon."
"Beacon Spring."
"Tom Tit."

From $1.50 to $2.50

CARR'S.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, June 15th, 1908.

Estate of Jacob Dorsey.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Jacob Dorsey, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the sixth day of July next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.
6-20-2w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., June 15, A. D. 1908.

SARAH M. WARD, the Administratrix on the estate of

HARRIET N. WARD,

Widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court her first and final account therewith, and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of July next, A. D. 1908, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.
6-20-3w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., June 1st, 1908.

Estate of Annie S. Dodge.

REQUEST in writing is made by Frank E. Dodge, husband of the late Annie S. Dodge, of New Shoreham, deceased intestate, that he, said Frank E. Dodge, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased, and said request is received and referred to the 6th day of July, 1908, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Town Hall in New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.
6-20-3w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., June 1st, 1908.

Estate of Chloe C. Perry.

HERBERT S. MILLIKIN, Administrator of the estate of Chloe C. Perry, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account contains a credit of the sale of real estate and the same is received and referred to the 6th day of July, 1908, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.
6-20-3w

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administrator on the estate of ARTHUR L. PECKHAM, late of said Middletown, deceased; that he has given bond to said Court as required, and is now duly qualified to act as such Administrator. All persons having claims against the estate of said Arthur L. Peckham, are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

ROBERT M. FRANKLIN,
Administrator.

Newport, R. I., June 20, 1908—6-20-4w

The Ocean Shore

OF NOVA SCOTIA

is the best shore and has the best climate in all America for a short holiday or a whole summer's stay. The coast from Yarmouth to Halifax is littered with delightful towns, villages and easily accessible secluded retreats. The lakes, streams and woods of the hinterland are full of fish and game. The whole country has all the delightful attributes of an unspoiled territory for those who want something new and charming in recreation. The railway which skirts the Ocean Shore is the

Halifax & Southwestern Ry.

and it has the best trains with buffet parlor car service in Eastern Canada.

Write for descriptive booklets.

"The Ocean Shore Route"

"Big and Little Journeys"

G. E. BEEKMAN, New Eng. Pass. Agt., 290 Washington St., Boston Mass. 6-20-3m

Every Kind,

from a Jew's harp to a Grand piano, can be purchased at our store at lower prices, values considered, than any other music store.

Easy payments when desired.

Barney's

Music Store

154 Thames Street

II.

FOR SALE.

Bliss Road lots 15 to 20 cts.

W. G. PECKHAM,
Westfield, N. J.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

NOTICE

To Automobilists.

THE UNDERSIGNED BOARD will be in session at the Court House, Newport, R. I., between 10 a. m. and 5 p. m., THURSDAY, June 25th, and TUESDAY, June 30th, 1908, to act upon applications for licenses to operate motor vehicles and receive applications for the registration of motor vehicles.

This Board will not be in session in Providence on these days.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS.
6-20-2w

ARE YOU SATISFIED

WITH THE

I C E

You Are Getting?

IF NOT, YOU WILL BE

IF YOU USE OUR

LAKE ICE.

Finest in the World.

Independent Ice and Cold Storage Co.,

SHERMAN'S WHARF.

TELEPHONE 266. 6-20-4w

ANTIQUE.

There is probably more "antique" furniture sold in a single day than the last century ever produced. Fabulous prices are a big temptation and the manufacture of "antique" furniture has grown to immense proportions in the last decade.

Antique here means antique in design only. This old-fashioned secretary looks like a regular "old timer," but 'twas built very recently. The lid drops forward, disclosing the most convenient of writing desks. Above is the bookcase or, as its use now-a-days indicates, the curio cabinet, and below are three great roomy drawers.

It is of solid mahogany and stands 6 feet, 2 inches high. Old in design but strictly up-to date in price. There's a splendid showing of such reproductions here—very moderately priced.

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.

First Telephone

You may save much time and many steps.

RATES ARE REASONABLE

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,
NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET

Examinations for Entrance

TO THE

Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts

Will be held at Kingston on

FRIDAY, June 19, at 9 a. m.

DEGREE COURSES in Agriculture, Engineering, Home Economics, Applied Science for Teachers.

EXPENSES (board, room-rent, including light and heat, incidental and laboratory fees), $43.75 per quarter of the school year.

ADVANTAGES—
1. Teaching corps of 22 specialists.
2. Modern equipment.
3. Healthful location in
4. Refined community, free from temptation to dissipation.
5. Ready communication with any part of the State.
6. Preparation for immediate entrance into active life.
7. Short courses for special students.

Write or call on
HOWARD EDWARDS, President,
6-13-3m Kingston, R. I.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

NOTICE TO REGISTRY VOTERS.

ALL PERSONS who are required to register their names in order to vote in this City during the present year are reminded that they must register in person at the City Clerk's Office, City Hall, before 9 o'clock Tuesday, June 30, 1908.

The office is open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. daily, and for the accommodation of those who cannot attend in the day time it will be open evenings as follows:

Monday, June 1; Wednesday, June 3; Saturday, June 6; Monday, June 8; Wednesday, June 10; Saturday, June 13; Monday, June 15; Wednesday, June 17; Saturday, June 20; Monday, June 22, and on every evening from Wednesday, June 24, to Tuesday, June 30 (except Sunday). On all of the beforenamed days the office will be open from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

The Deputy City Clerk will be at the First Ward Room, Tuesdays, June 2 and June 9; at the Second Ward Room, Wednesdays, June 3 and June 10; at the Third Ward Room, Thursdays, June 4 and June 11; at the Fourth Ward Room, Fridays, June 5 and June 12; and at the Fifth Ward Room, Saturdays, June 6 and June 13, from 7 to 9 p. m.

F. N. FULLERTON,
6-6-4w City Clerk.

JUNE EXHIBITION

—OF—

Newport Horticultural Society

will be held in

MASONIC HALL

Tuesday and Wednesday, June 23 and 24, 1908.

The exhibition will be open to the public at 3 p. m., Tuesday.

Admission 25 cents.

6-13-2w

TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES

EXAMINATIONS for State Certificates will be held Thursday and Friday, July 2 and 3, 1908, at the following places:
Providence, Rhode Island Normal School.
Newport, Rogers High School.
Woonsocket, High School.
East Greenwich, Academy.
Westerly, High School.
North Scituate, Grammar School.

The examinations will begin each day promptly at 9 o'clock a. m.

Examinations will be given on THURSDAY in Arithmetic, Geography, Spelling, Language, History and Physiology, for both Third and Fourth Grades.

On FRIDAY, all examinations in Professional Subjects for all grades will occur.

All examinations for First and Second Grade Certificates will be held in Providence ONLY. All persons intending to take the examinations must notify the undersigned on or before June 27, of the grade for which they wish to be examined, and of the place where they intend to take the examinations.

WALTER E. RANGER,
Secretary State Board of Education.
Box 1462, Providence. 6-13-3w

Aquidneck Mutual Insurance Company.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Aquidneck Mutual Insurance Co. will be held at the office, [illegible] Thames Street, Newport, R. I., on Tuesday, July 7th, 1908, at [illegible] o'clock p. m.
6-20-3w

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
Elastic and Pliable
Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?

CONGO

Never-Leak Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

5-2-tf

USE

Diamond Hill BIRD

—AND—

Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST,

White and Clean,

INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY

Newport Compressed Brick Co.,

Newport, R. I.

5-2-tf

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

NOTICE

To Automobilists.

NOTICE is hereby given that the State Board of Public Roads will, commencing Monday, June 1st, 1908, receive applications from 10.00 a. m. to 3.00 p. m., every week day with the exception of Saturday, when the hours will be from 10.00 a. m. to 12.00 o'clock noon, for the registration of automobiles, motor vehicles, and motor cycles and operators' licenses.

For the present the Board will be in session on Mondays and Fridays from 10.00 a. m. to 12.00 o'clock noon.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS.
5-30

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, Sc. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, November [illegible], A. D. 1907.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number [illegible] issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the twenty-sixth day of October A. D. 1907, and returnable to the said Court April twenty-sixth, A. D. 1908, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the eighteenth day of October A. D. 1907, in favor of Alvin [illegible] of said Newport, plaintiff, and against the Beachaven Realty Company, a corporation owning real estate in the City of Newport in said County, defendant, I have this day at [illegible] minutes past [illegible] o'clock p. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, the Beachaven Realty Company, had on the [illegible] day of February, A. D. 1907, at one minute past 12 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ) in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the Northwesterly corner on the Easterly side of [illegible] Road (sometimes called Helena Road), where the parcel of land about to be described adjoins other land of said Beachaven Realty Company, thence running in a curved line in a Westerly and Southeasterly direction along the said [illegible] Road to Brenton Road, and thence in a curved line in a Northeasterly direction along said Brenton Road [illegible] feet, more or less to the point of beginning, containing [illegible] acres, more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 4th day of February, A. D. 1908, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.
1-11-1w

NEWPORT, Sc.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to WEDNESDAY, March 4, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, Feb. 4th, A. D. 1908—2-8-4w

NEWPORT, Sc.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to SATURDAY, April 4, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, March 4, A. D. 1908—3-7-4w

NEWPORT, Sc.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to MONDAY, May 4, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, April 4, A. D. 1908—4-11-4w

NEWPORT, Sc.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to SATURDAY, June 6, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., May 4, A. D. 1908—5-9-4w

NEWPORT, Sc.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to MONDAY, July 6, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., June 6, A. D. 1908—6-13-4w

Charles R. Brayton

WILL CONTINUE

—THE—

Practice of Law

—AT—

ROOMS 1036-7

BANIGAN BUILDING,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Telephone Union 53

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

ORDERS FOR

Outside Painting
Inside Painting
Paper Hanging
Kalsomnning
Glazing

Will receive prompt attention in Workmanlike manner if given to

John O. Williams

38 BROADWAY

I AM ALSO AGENT FOR

Alfred Peats Wall Papers

Mrs. Hanford T. Gladding and family of New York, but formerly of this city, are spending the summer months at their residence on Broadway.